

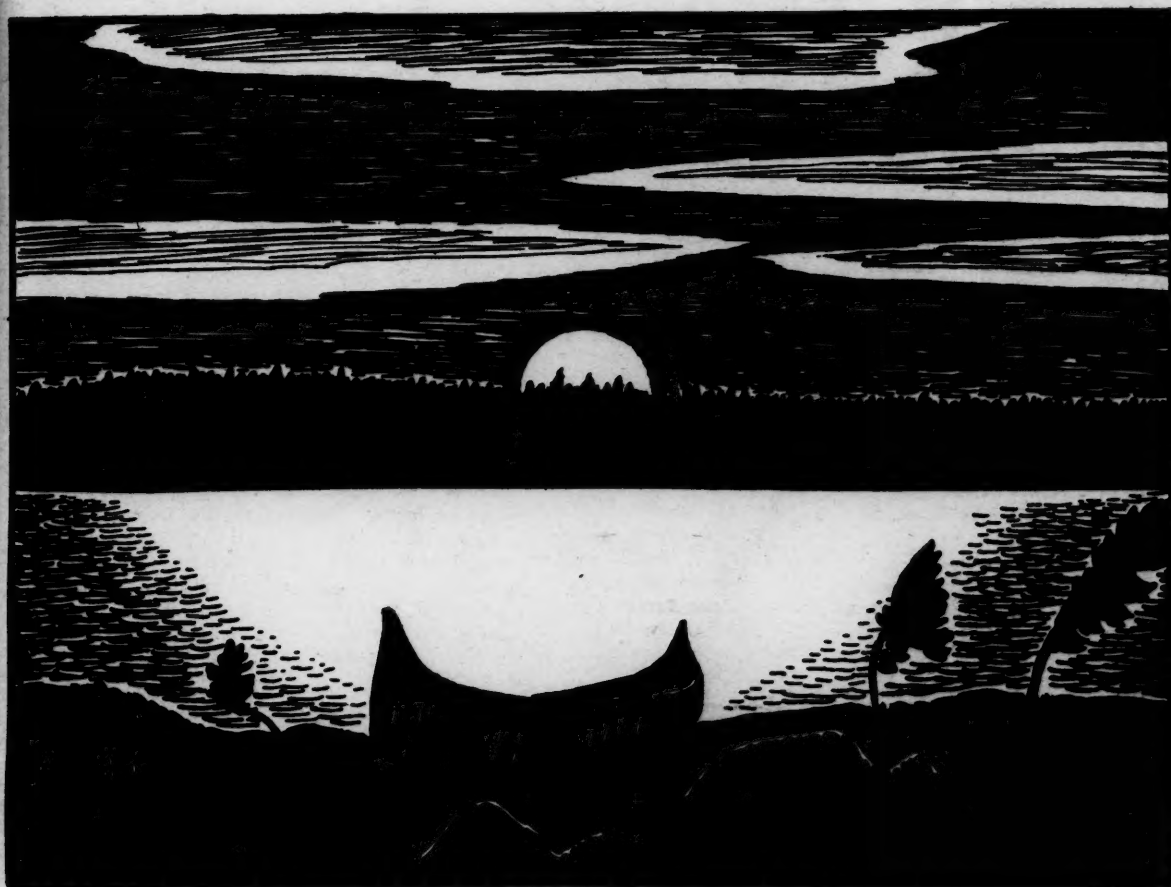
FRANCIS BOND HEAD

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT

THE CANADIAN FORUM



A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00
Published by J.M. Dent and Sons, Limited
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

Vol. VIII.

No. 95

AUGUST

1928



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CONTENTS

THE PACT AND THE POWERS - - -	<i>Richard de Brisay</i>
NOTES AND COMMENT - - -	- - -
TOLSTOY AND HIS CENTENARY - - -	<i>J.E.H.M.</i>
WHY BRITONS STAY AT HOME - - -	<i>E. J. Soulsby</i>
ART THE AMBASSADOR - - -	<i>F. Alan Russell</i>
CAVALCADE - - -	<i>A. J. M. Smith</i>
EPITAPH - - -	<i>A. J. M. Smith</i>
SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD—PATRIOT - - -	<i>Jean Burton</i>
CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—VIII. - - -	<i>Jack McLaren</i>
THE TRADER - - -	<i>Mary Quayle Innis</i>
LEON TOLSTOY - - -	<i>Thoreau MacDonald</i>
THE AMATEUR SPIRIT - - -	<i>Marcus Adeney</i>

BOOKS—

CHRONICLES OF CRIME.	
BELLOC IN HIS OWN WORLD.	
A MACABRE BIOGRAPHY.	
WOMAN—HER PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.	
THE FLOW OF MONEY.	
INTERNATIONAL LAW.	
LONDON LETTER - - -	<i>Ernest Rhys</i>
SCIENCE—COORDINATED EVOLUTION - - -	<i>G. H. Duff</i>
THE READER'S FORUM - - -	- - -

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY J. M. DENT & SONS, LIMITED, ALDINE HOUSE, 224 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO 5.

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1928.

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THE PACT AND THE POWERS

THE prolonged negotiations over the Kellogg Peace Pact have at least served to illumine the present world situation with regard to international relations. The attitude towards the Treaty of the various Governments concerned and its discussion in their press and parliaments has shown very clearly the clash between the forces working for peace along the lines of a new conception of international relations (the conception of world unity), and those which cling to the ideas of the old diplomacy, of peace maintained precariously by the balance of armed powers and prolonged from year to year by defensive alliances and ever more threatening armaments. Of late years it has seemed as though the general enthusiasm for the new order that hailed the creation of the League of Nations had waned—not so much owing to any change in world opinion as to the patent inability of the League to secure international justice in disputes where a major Power was concerned, as in the cases of Corfu and Vilna, and to the utter failure of one disarmament conference after another at Geneva. And with the slow spread of this atmosphere of disillusion the grip of the old diplomatists has tightened on each country's policy; while protesting their loyalty to the new conceptions implicit in the League Covenant, they have busily piled up obstacles to any progress along the lines it laid down, and which, it is only fair to admit, they had profoundly distrusted from the start. The result threatened complete reaction; and then within the past few months there have come proposals from each of the two great nations outside the League which seemed to offer a new hope. It is interesting to contrast the receptions given the two.

THE first of these proposals was that made by Russia at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva last December. Russia offered without reservation to scrap her armies and munition plants if the other powers would do the same. As the Russian Menace has been the terror of half Europe for the past ten years, this proposal, though startling, seemed obviously to deserve the highest consideration. Yet the assembled diplomats rejected it immediately, unanimously, and noisily. No regrettable incident at any of the disarmament conferences convened at Geneva has ever caused anything like the uproar which greeted this proposal that the nations should disarm. The Russians were denounced as incorrigible trouble-makers and enemies of true peace, and even the most tolerant of the delegates rebuked them for their bad taste in choosing that time and place to put forward such a proposal. Now the United States has approached the League Powers with a proposal that attacks the problem of peace from another angle. Since one scheme of general security after another has failed through attempting to meet in detail all threats of aggression, the United States proposes that the Great Powers shall sign a simple declaration that they 'condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of policy in their relations to one another,' and that the settlement of international disputes of any nature whatever 'shall never be sought except by pacific means.' The contrast between the reception of this proposal by the family of nations and that accorded the Russian suggestion is precisely the difference between a family's attitude towards the suggestion of a rich uncle and one made by a poor relation with a shady record. Mr.

Kellogg's proposal was received with the utmost cordiality and admiration, and although France and England have indicated difficulties and suggested reservations they have put forward their doubts and suggestions so charmingly that no offense could possibly be given.

* * *

THE curious thing is that the simple renunciation of war embodied in this Treaty should require long consideration or cause the slightest perturbation to Powers which not only profess themselves desirous of peace but which sincerely want peace and must have peace for their own salvation. And this is more curious still in view of the fact that the Treaty is offered them by the United States. For the French and English peoples are in a similar position to this extent, that in a fast-developing world containing such vast forces as America, Russia, and China they are both comparatively small nations with great empires whose consolidation demands an era of peace; while the United States, enormous, compact, dynamic, completely industrialized and organized, is the most potent striking force in world politics today. Under these circumstances, for the United States to offer of her own accord to bind herself to the peaceful arbitration of any future international disputes, and to renounce war outright as an instrument of policy, would appear to be a godsend to both France and England. And the implications of the Pact are much wider than its provisions: once it is adopted, disarmament becomes practicable, arbitration becomes compulsory, America's co-operation with Europe is assured. Yet although Germany, Japan, and Italy accepted the American offer without hesitation, France and England have both held back. They professed grave doubts as to whether the Pact would not conflict with the previous obligations laid upon them by the League of Nations and the Locarno Treaties, and by 'other commitments' to European nations. Mr. Kellogg was able to demonstrate very easily that nothing in his suggested Treaty could conflict with either the League or Locarno; but the kernel of the trouble, as everybody realized from the start, was to be found in France's commitments to Poland and the Little Entente.

* * *

FOR these commitments France, with some reason, might blame the United States' post-war policy. The French people, partly owing to their geographical position and partly to their nature and traditions, are more 'realistic' in their international outlook than the British. They have never had as much faith in the League of Nations as their neighbours across the channel; and even in the days when the Covenant of the League was being drafted, they were quite frankly much more concerned with efforts to obtain from the United States and Great Britain a binding treaty of

guarantee against any future German aggression. When the United States finally refused to give any such guarantee or even to enter the League her own President had created, France turned back to Europe to see what guarantees against Germany she could obtain nearer home. To her the League became merely a convenient means for maintaining in perpetuity the preposterous provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and it has even seemed as if Locarno has meant to her no more than a hard-and-fast guarantee by Great Britain of the new Rhine frontier. In her European relations she has consistently done all in her power to weaken Germany and to strengthen the new states she helped to create as counterchecks to German power. She has worked steadily for the aggrandizement of Poland, and she has negotiated a network of military alliances by which Germany is now completely ringed in. It is these treaties, which are intended to stereotype Germany's eastern frontiers and for the maintenance of which France is prepared to go to war at any moment, that have delayed the French acceptance of Mr. Kellogg's Pact. They are no concern of England's at all; but the trouble is that England's present Foreign Minister is always prone to fight France's battles at the expense of other nations. Although Mr. Kellogg's treaty was endorsed wholeheartedly by the British press, Parliament, and people, Sir Austen Chamberlain has found an astonishing number of difficulties in the way of a prompt acceptance of its simple provisions. In his anxiety to 'build a bridge' for France, he has been so careful to accommodate her every reservation and hesitation that in the outcome it has almost seemed to the outside world that England and not France is the obstructionist.

* * *

IT is to be suspected that M. Briand has once again taken full advantage of the Francophilism, the natural conservatism, and the honest simplicity of the British Foreign Minister he knows so well. M. Briand himself is a good European. He sincerely desires peace and would like nothing better than to be allowed by his more reactionary colleagues to lead his country along the road to the New Europe and world concord. But he is a professed realist, and if his countrymen will not go his way, why then he must perforce go theirs. That seems no reason why England should go their way too, against her own interests; and yet that has already happened once, at a most critical moment, under Sir Austen Chamberlain's direction of British foreign policy. When Germany wanted a seat on the League Council and France wanted a British guarantee of the Rhine frontier, Sir Austen played the part of the 'honest broker,' and, after long negotiations which he thoroughly enjoyed, he triumphantly produced the Locarno Treaty amid universal congratulations. He was exalted by his own people; the King gave him

the Garter; honours were showered upon him by foreign governments. Then M. Briand, ever sensitive to home opinion, brought forward his famous scheme to nullify Germany's entrance to the Council by bringing Poland in as well. Sir Austen, with simple loyalty to his French associate and complete confidence in his own honesty, helped to the utmost of his power to bring this shabby manoeuvre to a successful issue, in the teeth of his own people and against the frantic protests of a Germany betrayed. Within a few months of his being acclaimed as an international hero, he was being execrated in a dozen languages as a marplot. And when half Europe was calling him a knave and the other half a fool, his best friends at home could only reaffirm their dogged conviction that he was no knave. In the present negotiations his incurable weakness for the circumlocutions of the old diplomacy has helped almost as much as his weakness for France to put his country in a bad light: although his anxiety to safeguard England's freedom of action with regard to Egypt is understandable, he has contrived to express it with such enigmatic ambiguity that it is already being interpreted as the foundation of a 'British Monroe Doctrine.'

* * *

IT does not follow that, as many good people on this side of the water seem to think, the Americans in general and Mr. Kellogg in particular are the only idealists in a cynical world, whose disinterested efforts on behalf of international peace and justice are forever jeopardized or thwarted by the bad old men of Europe. America's short history as a world power is no brighter than that of the older nations, and Mr. Kellogg's own record has not shown overmuch idealism or care for the world at large: indeed, the early years of his administration placed the United States in a most invidious position with regard to the republics of Panama, Nicaragua, and Mexico. But there is a deal of sound, radical, anti-imperialistic opinion in the United States, and it may be that the spontaneous outburst of condemnation which smothered Mr. Kellogg's threat in Mexico two years ago made him first consider whether some gesture of genuine repudiation of imperialism might not be a popular move in the last year of his administration. Certainly no one can deny that he has conducted his Treaty very adroitly and with the best of temper through the tortuous channels of international negotiation. While insisting that the conditions of his Pact shall retain their primal simplicity, he has yet contrived to meet the objections of both France and England on important points. In the revised preamble to the Treaty he has made it clear that if any signatory Power breaks the pact the others are released from all their obligations to that Power; he had already given assurances that the Pact does not deprive any Power of its inalienable right of self-defense; and although he has refused to entertain the

French reservation (backed by Sir Austen Chamberlain) that 'the provisions of the present treaty shall not modify any of the obligations imposed upon the contracting Powers by the international agreements to which they are parties,' he has met that objection by offering to extend the Pact to cover those countries which are signatories to the Treaties of Locarno and France's Treaties of Neutrality and Guarantee. In this way it seems that, if no hitch occurs at the last moment, the Franco-Polish and other treaties which have been regarded as a potential source of trouble may instead be made contributing factors to the general peace.

* * *

THE civilized world is still divided between those who believe that war is inevitable and in the last resort justifiable, and those who deny that it is either. But it becomes ever more clear that the War brought one of those revolutionary changes in outlook that have always entailed a definite change in human relationships. Long after England had become a nation under one king private wars were still carried on that desolated whole country-sides with fire and sword: it was late in the fifteenth century before there arose a central government strong enough to put an end to them. That marked the triumph of the towns over the castles, of the peaceful over the warlike professions. The same change is to be seen in the history of all the civilized nations; gradually since the Middle Ages the peoples of the western world have grouped themselves into ever larger bodies within whose borders life has been safe and trade unhampered. The industrial revolution came to knit these bodies ever more closely together, and now we find that all the nations are as dependent on each other as Yorkshire was on Lancashire four hundred years ago. The time has arrived for another and a greater change, the change to a world organization that will prevent international wars. It is objected that within each nation it has been the central government, the king, who with the authority of force crushed private war, and that the League of Nations can never have such sovereign power. But a few centuries ago the King of France or of England had as little real power as the League has today. It was the growth of public opinion, which recognized the need of a strong central authority, that made it possible for the kings to gradually assume such power; and that public opinion had economic as well as moral forces at its core. Now, with changing conditions, the current of opinion has set full and strong against international war, and peace has become the world's desire. Every move that brings us a little nearer that far ideal is to be welcomed. The Treaty proposed by the United States Government promises to carry us all another step forward, and every good internationalist will hope for its success with all his heart.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

NEW LIGHT ON BURNS

IT might be interesting to debate how far the pathological in a man's life prejudices the readers of his work. If the 'Life' is there we can not forget it. Burns is perhaps not a good example. He was so eminently normal—a little too much so indeed for some tastes—but in one regard he has been definitely classified as pathological and that is in the widely spread statements that he was a drunkard and that drink killed him. How many have thought less of Burns on that account? For these reasons the prolonged researches of Dr. H. B. Anderson of Toronto, recently published in *The Annals of Medical History*, on the cause of the death of Burns, are significant to the literary and interesting to the medical world. There has long been dissatisfaction with Currie's account of the death of Burns and with his choice of medical evidence. He was a prohibitionist before the age of prohibition and it was all too easy for him to avail himself of that gossip which suited himself and thus attribute the death of Burns to chronic alcoholism. But Dr. Anderson has now shown that there is no evidence in favour of this diagnosis and that the true cause of death was rheumatism, terminated probably by bacterial endocarditis, but certainly heart disease. As Dr. Anderson remarks, it has not been his purpose to 'picture Burns as a model of sobriety.' That is part of the difficulty. Half lies are more difficult to refute than whole ones. But he has here produced evidence which should forever silence those who, for their own ends, have conveniently regarded Burns as a victim of alcohol, and, at the same time he has earned the gratitude of a great number of Burnsians who have felt that there was something wrong with the old position.

SPEEDING UP

IT is only at rare intervals that we are able to stop and look calmly and objectively at the rush and confusion of everyday life, but at such times we may perhaps realize how the *tempo* of urban life has been quickened by mechanical invention during the last generation. An unobtrusive press report recently stated that 800,000 persons had been killed and injured in motor accidents during one year in the United States. In the year 1926 the fatalities from automobile accidents were only one-third as many per capita in Canada, and this is one field of competitive endeavour in which we are willing that our neighbors shall continue to out-distance us. Not only are the totals large, but in this country they have increased by nearly fifty per cent. in the last year, from 6.5 per 100,000 in 1926, to 9.1 in 1927.

TOLSTOY AND HIS CENTENARY

THERE are many who believe that Art is the great unifier of the world, and that it has done, and will do, more to destroy inhuman antagonism between peoples than religion or any form of political action. This sense of unity is present in the forthcoming celebration of the centenary of the birth of Tolstoy. No fear of Russian politics can hinder the affection and admiration which rise in us over his work. We may disagree with many of his opinions, but he makes us feel the brotherhood of man, that endeavouring spirit which labours in Greek tragedy or Russian Moujik or Ontario farmer, striving consciously or unconsciously to harmonize the world with its own divinity. For Canadians especially there is also a strong kinship of climate and season in his works—the forests, the wide plains, the thawing snow, the Spring breaking of the rivers, the frog chorus, these are some of the memories the reader has of him. A pious Toronto daily recently expressed surprise at the action of the Soviet government in sending rescue parties to the Nobile castaways. But whoever has read his Tolstoy or Turgenev or Chekov, needs no convincing of the essential humanity of the Russian people. Writers like these are the real Internationalists. They interpret us to ourselves through their own people, and their insight destroys only malice and ignorance. They turn a burning light on all inhumane experiments in humanity, whether among their own people or others. Tolstoy's inner life was a long enduring Russian revolution. One who lived with him describes him as 'a chain of seething imperious instincts linked with delicate spiritual organization.' He was a Roosevelt of the spirit, living the strenuous life inwardly and outwardly, writing or swinging the scythe, active at tennis, or in his old swimming hole, riding a bicycle or a restive horse, these were some of the outer energies of an aged ascetic soul, calm and retired in contemplation of ideal reality. His intensity gave him strong vision of detail and the deepest interpretative power, one who put his soul into his own acts and made his field the world. Forty years ago in conversation with a French poet who wished him to work for an alliance between France and Russia against Germany, Tolstoy announced with vehemence, 'the frontiers of Kingdoms should be determined, not by the sword and blood, but by the rational agreement of nations. And when there are no longer any people who do not understand this, then there will be no more wars.' The best celebration of centenaries is in the practice of the hero's ideals. It is good to know that the general trend of world politics is giving us an honest right to do honour to Tolstoy.

J. E. H. M.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is unable at present to pay for material.

WHY BRITONS STAY AT HOME

By E. J. SOULSBY

CANADA at present is suffering from too little immigration, too much immigration, too little of the right kind, too much of the wrong kind, too much of any kind, too little of all kinds; from sinister influences in Canada encouraging this, and sinister influences in Britain discouraging that; from square pegs in round holes; the unwillingness of immigrants to suffer cheerfully, and wrong-headed objection on the part of suitable people to be immigrants at all. It all seems to depend on the point of view what exactly it is that is wrong. There is certainly a chaotic kind of agreement that something is wrong, and it may fairly be said that the long subdued grumble against the growing foreign element in Canada's population is at last becoming the dominant theme in the chorus of woes. Incidentally, it is an enlightening commentary on Parliaments, which are supposed to represent public opinion, and on the Press, which is said to mould it with unflattering ease, that that public opinion which has most direct knowledge of immigrants and the effects of immigration should so long have lacked expression.

So much has lately been said on the subject that little perhaps remains; yet it does seem that insufficient emphasis has been laid on the fact that to an important extent the quantity and quality of immigration into a new country is a fair measure of that country's desirability as a place in which to live and work. There are certain principles which govern population, and that long-despised phrase about the pressure of population on the means of subsistence is being taken seriously again after a protracted eclipse by more optimistic doctrines. Until steps are taken to prevent numbers increasing to the limit of the means to support them, the pressure of population in the older countries will inevitably induce a flow to any new land which will yield to effort a greater return in extent and variety of well-being, and which raises no obstacle to the influx. Judged by the present quantity and quality of immigration Canada must be regarded as a country where the standard of living is not greatly above those of the backward countries of Europe; for in the face of repeated reassurances by a grandmotherly Press, which protests *ad nauseam* the many excellencies of the country, it is becoming increasingly evident that the only immigration that will flow into Canada in any volume originates in countries with low and primitive standards.

Not that, of course, the people of Toronto live in mud huts and scrape the soil for food, nor is the Niagara peninsula a bleak and forbidding wilderness. Toronto, whatever the complaints of its critics, has at least all the mechanical attributes of a high state of

civilization and can readily obtain residents from the world's centres of culture and luxury; and land values in the fruit country are higher, I understand, than would be expected of marginal lands. But the larger cities and the older districts of Canada are in no great need of more population, and immigration is looked to to settle the huge remainder of the Dominion; areas which evidently lack the attraction of those which have so far been preferred to them. It is significant that the demand for that show of influence on events which is termed 'a vigorous immigrant policy' comes largely from the more fortunate parts of the Dominion, whereas a mixture of sympathy with an antagonism to the immigrant is the most pronounced feeling on the subject current in those places which are to receive him; sympathy with him when he undertakes the hard and thankless task of settling new land; antagonism to him when his presence in the labour market depresses standards already none too high.

Writing in the June CANADIAN FORUM on the widespread concern caused by the definite decline in British Immigration, Mr. de Brisay is disposed to blame the present Minister because, apparently, he is not inspired with the proselytizing fire of an apostle. The glories, with which Mr. Forke is to compel the heathen, being what they are, it is easier to suppose him possessed of the innocent fervour of a well-indocinated salesman. As the persuasive salesman may dispose of a certain quantity of his goods, whatever their quality, so by intensive effort may a Minister of Immigration stimulate a certain quantity of immigration from those countries from which Canada prefers to take it. But the goods must justify themselves, and the country must prove itself all that is promised of it, if the volume of sales or the flow of population is to be sustained and increased. Those who tritely remark that the best immigration agent is the satisfied immigrant utter a mere profound truth than in most cases they know. Proselytizing zeal more or less presupposes that, given an adequately industrious disposition, the wealth, welfare and happiness of the immigrant is assured by the mere fact of his arrival on these shores; a belief which events all too frequently belie.

All of this Mr. de Brisay himself pointed out some months ago in the most sensible analysis of the problem of British Immigration which had till then appeared in any Canadian journal. Immigrants, he said, are either driven or enticed to a new country; either driven by oppression to seek liberty, or enticed by the prospects of greater prosperity to be found there. The distinction between this enticement and the pressure of an overcrowded country need not be

quibbled over here; they are the same thing viewed from opposite ends; and it can be agreed that since the British are no longer oppressed to any extent it is necessary, if they are wanted as immigrants, to entice them by a higher standard of living and greater opportunities than they enjoy at home. Not, one would say, a difficult thing to do, to attract immigrants from post-war Britain. If it were only a matter of making Canada prosperous it would be a sufficiently large problem, for there exists the widest difference of opinion in Canada as to how prosperity is to be achieved. But more than that is required. To entice the Briton he must be offered not merely prosperity, but prosperity in sufficient abundance to compensate him for leaving the amenities of England for what he regards as the unpleasantness of Canadian life.

As the Agent-General in London for Ontario recently remarked, the British people, particularly the English, are convinced that, in spite of the troubles which afflict her, England (Scots, read Britain) is the finest country in the world in which to live. To display the attractions of life in Canada to the Englishman is useless, for he will not be attracted. If he romantically imagines that he was born for the Great Open Spaces he finds in reality they are, to him, boundless monotony; the forests that he has pictured in grandeur he finds to be

'Primeval woods, pine, birch—the skinny growths
That can sustain life well where earth affords

But sustenance elsewhere yclept starvation.'
He will tell you, probably without thanks, that he prefers his warm corner in the snugger of the Hounds and Andirons, his Saturday afternoons at a rugger match, George Robey, Sir Landon Ronald, or whatever his particular variety of pleasure may be. In some parts of Canada life no doubt is replete with delights and advantages, but as before noted it is not for these that more population is desired; and even

if the prairie farm or the company town in the Northern bush offer him prosperity he will not readily be enticed thereto unless he has been misled into supposing they possess attractions which do not exist, in which case he becomes the dissatisfied immigrant who is one of the greatest obstacles to British immigration. If he is not offered even prosperity, but merely the chance of competing with foreigners for low-paid jobs, he will very naturally stay at home where at least he is competing (though more generally he is co-operating) with his own kind.

Canada will never entirely lack British immigrants of course, so long as Britain is faced with that pressure of population on which I have, one might say, harped. But under existing conditions in Canada any great volume of immigration from Britain cannot be expected. In the *decas mirabilis* before the war they came in plenty because Canada then, for various reasons, was a country where a man might do sufficiently well sufficiently quickly to make other considerations seem of less importance. That stage of Canada's development cannot be recalled, nor would most Canadians wish it to be so. If any political prophet can tell how to bring about a similar abundance of opportunity without a concomitant condition of inflation he has solved all Canada's population problems.

In the meantime the obvious course to pursue is to refuse all foreign immigration except for settlement of new land, to discontinue all propaganda in England and rely on Canada's good repute to attract British people, and diligently to cast about for some way of making Canada generally, and the working man particularly, really prosperous. (A few years ago it would have been necessary to have particularised the farmer also, but it begins to look as though he is taking care of his own prosperity in very definite fashion.) And if the process of growth is found to be slow, then to have patience.

ART, THE AMBASSADOR

By F. ALAN RUSSELL

IN sponsorship of the current (June) exhibition of contemporary British painting at the Art Gallery, there appears a foreword, reprinted from the American catalogue, which offers the display in the hope that through its medium—and, presumably, also the medium of others of the same mediocrity—the people of America and Great Britain may come to know, to understand, and appreciate one another better.

The effort is the more regrettable in that it comes from the pen of one high in intellectual authority.

Its author expresses the hope that 'merely as an exhibition of art' the display may prove acceptable. A sideline to be tolerated good-humoredly, no doubt. 'The promoters have, however, a wider purpose in view. Artists,' we are told, 'and men of letters, no less than diplomatists, are the ambassadors through whom one people is made known to another.' Art, that wayward and capricious lady, self-centred and self-sufficient, who with indifferent eyes saw the rise and fall of the Ptolemies and Pharaohs; who, busy with her own perfection, knew 'the glory that was Greece' in

its springtime, and all unperturbed watched it crumble, to be followed by Rome and Carthage in their due course to the dust—Art, who lent her fairness to the temples of Isis and the grey-eyed Athene, who blazoned the banquet halls of Nineveh and Babylon the Mighty, and undismayed saw their very site lost to the knowledge of men—Art, that chaste and elegant goddess, is made ambassador among the nations, a very prostitute to the pleasure of peoples of whom she has no care, and this to the ultimate and everlasting glory of the Anglo-Saxon race! Truly a depressing thought, my Lords of Nuremberg and Amsterdam—were it not for the unconscious humour of it.

Artists, we are told—I make no comment on 'men of letters'—'represent a portion of the mind of a country.' What a rôle for the supreme revelation of the individual! The artist represents himself alone, or at most a group of two or three. I smile to think of Dicksee represented by Laura Knight, or Ricketts by Roger Fry.

It is to the advantage of a people, we are told, that 'its artistic and literary achievement, if it has merit, should be known abroad.' By all means, 'if it has merit,' though I fancy that the lion's share of the advantage, or disadvantage as the case may be, falls to the artist alone, and not to the people, whom he, as an artist, in no way represents. Peoples, as peoples, have no artistic achievement. (I refer you to Whistler on the Greek fetish). Furthermore, says the catalogue, 'the reputation of every people depends very largely upon the contribution which it makes to civilization.' An admirable statement, if it were strictly accurate; but I doubt very much whether artists are particularly sensible to any reputation save their own. 'It would be difficult' we are told, 'to over-estimate the extent to which Greece and Italy have benefited, even in the political sphere, from the reputation won for them by the dissemination of their art and literature throughout the world.' The rôle of diplomatic attaché is surely an unique one for Raphael and Michelangelo, not to mention the horror they would feel at obscuring such excellent gentlemen as Mazzini, Garibaldi, and our present and incomparable Benito; while I somewhat doubt if the Hermes of Phidias and Praxiteles, and the friezes of the Parthenon, were occasioned by any overwhelming desire to 'join in this generous rivalry for the advancement of humanity.'

How the American public received this effusion, I know not. It probably swallowed the thing wholesale, as any public is well calculated to do. Toronto would certainly seem to have done so—even Mr. Stewart Dick, in his admirably restrained comment, seriously quotes some of the choicer passages, and bewails the unhappy fact that the exhibition falls short of such an high 'ideal'. But—and here I must permit myself the ghost of a smile—I confess to a mild surprise that the exhibition, having been shown in Washington under

the guidance of such lofty precepts, should so obviously have failed to find a permanent home on the walls of the British Embassy.

CAVALCADE

By A. J. M. SMITH

If only we had a song
We could get through this shadowy valley
And over the sandy plain.
Then we could pasture our beasts
In the meadows under the mountains,
Forgetting the weeds and the dust,
Forgetting the leagues and the stones—
We could win to the sea in the end:
Had we a song to sing—
Something a horse could prance to,
Something a heart could beat to,
A ballad, canzone, a chorus,
Something the feet could step to.

My father had such a song. He sang it lustily.
It sounds hollow enough nowadays.
It sounds hollow enough to me;
And my mother's voice singing on Sunday
Trails away in the dust.
There was a young cavalier
Who rode with us to the wars:
He knew a good song, he knew a brave song.
But they stopped his mouth with the mud in Flanders.
Ah well! The locusts are singing.
The vultures are wheeling overhead
And they too are singing a kind of song,
A kind of grace before meat.
And the wind sings too.
We had better get on.

EPITAPH

By A. J. M. SMITH

Weep not on this quiet stone:
I, embedded here
Where sturdy roots divide the bone
And tendrils split a hair,
Bespeak you comfort of the grass
That is embodied Me,
Which as I am, not as I was,
Would choose to be.

SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD--PATRIOT

By JEAN BURTON

THOSE who complained bitterly that Sir Francis Bond Head exhibited all the faults of the typical British aristocrat may have spoken even more truly than they knew, for his grandfather's name was originally Moses Mendez. His great-great-grandfather had come to England as court physician to Catherine of Braganza; Moses was the first to change the surname, when he married a daughter of the Reverend Sir Francis Head of the Hermitage, Higham, Kent. The means by which a typical British aristocrat is produced are sometimes a trifle devious. And even a trifle uncertain; for though Sir Francis' views were so superlatively British that no one in the entire House could appreciate them but the Duke of Wellington, his actions were oftener dictated by the authentically Jewish characteristics of excitability and a flair for the dramatic.

When the Call came to Sir Francis it found him, it is true, in the lowly office of a county poor-law commissioner; but this explained nothing whatever of the man. It did not, in the first place, throw any light upon the lofty moral significance with which he endowed that somewhat prosaic post. But for what nobler object could a patriotic Briton strive than that of safeguarding the yeomanry of England from the pernicious modern doctrines which had already found expression in the Reform Law of '32, and might lead (an omniscient and Hebraic Providence only knew) how much farther in the same fatal direction? And in the second place, it gave no hint of the picturesque career which lay behind him, either when campaigning in France or Belgium or Scotland, being shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, or, other hereditary instincts asserting themselves, managing the Rio Plata Mining Association, which would have worked gold and silver mines in La Plata if it had owned any there. That it did not was no fault of Sir Francis', for it was in tribute to his heroic endeavours in this connection that he gained the title of Galloping Head. He set off with a band of Cornish and German miners, travelled a thousand miles only to find the concessions had been sold to rival companies, took his men to Chili and travelled another twelve hundred miles on horseback, prospecting, but finding no claims, and finally recrossed the pampas and came home again, by which time he had spent some £60,000 of the shareholders' money.

The directors were annoyed. They passed resolutions about it, which of course was their privilege, but they went further and tried to stop Head's salary, wherein it is sufficient to say that they did not succeed.

In 1834 he was made Assistant Poor Law Commissioner for Kent. He threw himself into the work with his customary abandon; and it was from this situation that Lord Glenelg lured him in 1835.

In describing this event Sir Francis combines an

arresting narrative style with a scrupulous accuracy in matters of detail:—

It had blown almost a hurricane from the s.s.w., the sheep in Romney Marsh had been huddled together in groups—the cattle, afraid to feed, were still standing with their tails to the storm—I had been all day immured in New Romney with the board of guardians of the Marsh Union; and though several times my horse had been nearly blown off the road, I had managed to return to my lodging at Cranbrook; and, with my head full of the unions, parishes, magistrates, guardians, relieving officers, and paupers of the county of Kent, like Abon Hassan, I had retired to rest, and for several hours had been fast asleep, when, about midnight, I was suddenly awakened by the servant of my lodging, who, with a letter in one hand, and in the other a tallow candle, illuminating an honest countenance, not altogether free from alarm, hurriedly informed me, 'that a king's officer had come after me!'

With this appropriately stormy introduction, Sir Francis sat up in bed and opened the letter, which was from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, asking him to accept the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada; adding casually that if it were quite convenient he would like him to call with his answer at half past eight the next morning.

The critics of this so cruelly misunderstood and maligned man should have been disarmed by the fact that on the present occasion the thought which first occurred to him was precisely identical with their own, namely, why the appointment should have been offered to him; for as he justly observed, he was totally unconnected with every member of the Government, and had never had the honour of even seeing the Colonial Minister (then Lord Glenelg, the celebrated Sleeping Beauty) in his life. There were even those so malicious as to hint that it was all a mistake on the part of some office clerk and that another man of the same surname had been intended. But the uncalled-for nature of this hypothesis is at once apparent when one remembers that Sir Francis possessed the one indispensable qualification for the post, of having been present at the Battle of Waterloo (with the Engineers; he later wrote a pamphlet obligingly pointing out to the heads of the Navy wherein their naval tactics had been at fault during the war).

Sir Francis returned to London and conferred with his family. He had married his cousin, Julia Valenza, who was, people said, a very quiet woman. Her opinion, Sir Francis was glad to find, reflected his own; he accordingly called at the Colonial office and politely refused the honour which had been proffered him.

Now was the time, if there had been an error, for the C.O. to extricate itself dignifiedly and without further difficulty; but Lord Glenelg, far from seizing upon the opportunity with a sigh of relief, cordially urged Sir Francis to reconsider.

There remained the theory that the C.O. had chosen him as a tool for its own dark purposes; if so, how



CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—VIII.

By JACK McLAREN.

LORD BEAVERBROOK

stern the moral lesson they were about to receive! For Sir Francis, fixing them from afar with a glittering Portuguese eye, and upheld by the consciousness of the rectitude of his cause, saw wherein their duty lay and kept them informed of it.

But this could not be foreseen, and it was in vain for Sir Francis to plead that he was 'really grossly ignorant' of everything pertaining to the Colonies; this did not appear to trouble Lord Glenelg, who merely assured him that if he would have a talk with the Under Secretary, Mr. Stephen, he would soon learn all that was necessary on the subject. What Sir Francis learned, however, was that from motives of economy it would be necessary for him to dispense with an aide-de-camp. Sir Francis reasoned at some length with Lord Glenelg on the matter, when that amiable gentleman replied: 'There is much truth in what you say.' He also mentioned it to the King, who said: 'You really ought not to go without one!'

Yet the conclusion of this touching episode is well known; how the appointment was made, only to be cancelled at the last moment, when they were already on the boat; how Sir Francis, rather than face the shocked inhabitants without an attendant, took the young man along as his personal guest. The incident, however, provided much speculation for the voyage; suspicion as to the sinister nature of the Colonial office had already, alas, taken root in the candid mind of the new Governor. He writes:—

Nevertheless, I really do them the justice to believe that they were so intoxicated by the insane theory of conciliating democracy, that they actually believed the people of Upper Canada would throw up their hats and be delighted at the vulgarity of seeing the representative of their sovereign arrive among them as an actor of all work, without dignity of station, demeanour, or conduct; in short, like a *republican governor*.

As if in confirmation of his half-formed misgivings, what should meet his astounded gaze on reaching Toronto, but large placards welcoming:

SIR FRANCIS HEAD, A TRIED REFORMER!

It was soon plain to Sir Francis that he was surrounded, alone and unaided in a strange land, by republicans of the deepest dye.

He came to a land which had discovered, or feigned to discover, that it had 'grievances' against its Lieutenant-Governors. It professed to discover in them faults of commission or omission, or both, as in the most mournful case of all, that of Sir Francis Burton, who was Governor of Lower Canada for fourteen years without coming to Canada at all, and who, when on remonstrance from the Assembly he finally put in an appearance, involved himself so speedily and inextricably with that indignant body over the estimates that he at once returned to England (but still on pay).

Sir Francis discovered that there were many dangerous characters on every hand, whose aims, for the

benefit of Lord Glenelg, he briefly summarized as follows:—

1. Separation of the Canadas from the mother-country.
2. The robbery and murder of the loyal inhabitants.
3. The attainment of that *general letter of license*, which is the natural effect, in a young, thinly-peopled country, of a sudden transition to democracy.

It required, after the shock of the first meeting, only the unfortunate circumstances surrounding his appointments to the Executive Council to bring home to Sir Francis the solemn truth that, in his own words, he was sentenced to contend on the soil of America with Democracy, and that if he did not overpower it, it would overpower him; for the theory of an elective Council was, he observed, 'A democratic principle of government, which I felt, so long as the British flag waved in America, could never be admitted.'

The Colonial office, with well-nigh incredible obtuseness, remarked that his attitude was that of 'a distempered rather than a serene mind.'

The Colonial office was not, however, fitted to appreciate the engaging simplicity and directness of Sir Francis' political views. Sir Francis did not, for example, see the point in laborious attempts to prove that a Family Compact did not exist, for he thought it should exist. Later, when Lord Durham published his report he rose to remark:—

It appears, then, from Lord Durham's own shewing, that this FAMILY COMPACT, which his Lordship deems it so advisable that the Queen should destroy, is nothing more nor less than that 'social fabric' which characterizes every civilized community in the world. It is that social fabric, or rather fortress, within which the British yeoman, farmer, and manufacturer is enabled to repel the extortionate demands of his labourers; and to preserve from pillage and robbery the harvest of his industry after he has reaped it!

And surely it would be ungenerous to doubt the sincerity of his belief that if Canadians permitted a single letter of the great charter of their liberties to be 'mutilated, or what may be termed *improved*, they and their children become instantly liable to find themselves suddenly deprived of their property, and, what is better than all property, of their freedom and independence.'

Much affected by such moving adjurations, and filled with joy and gladness at the discovery that Sir Francis was not, as had been feared, a democrat, the honest peasantry no less than the 'industrious classes' of Toronto proceeded to give exhibitions of loyalty which would, as Sir Francis, touched, remarked, have been impossible to describe without the appearance of exaggeration. When he delivered his speech to the House in the spring of 1836, though he had stopped the supplies as the only argument likely to be understood by the populace, 'a burst of acclamation resounded;' and a crowd of 'the most respectable people, of all parties,' endeavoured to take the horses from his carriage.

But his first doubts continued to prey upon his mind; and at the conclusion of a fervent dispatch he could no longer refrain from giving them voice:

'Will the Lieutenant-Governor be supported by the Home Government? "HE NEVER WILL," say the Radicals; "We fear he will not!" say the Constitutionalists.'

The Colonial office complained that his writings were epigrammatic.

It had early occurred to Sir Francis' alert and far-seeing mind that 'if the transatlantic barrier of the British Empire had been broken, the torrent of democracy suddenly rushing upon the mother-country might almost have overwhelmed our institutions at home. But fortunately, after riding about the country, conversing in an affable and unaffected manner (perhaps slightly reminiscent of the Poor Law Commissioner of Kent) with the honest yokels, and calmly observing the moral feeling of the province, Sir Francis was enabled to lay before the C.O. as the result of his investigations the gratifying information that *'The people of Upper Canada detest democracy.'*

The Colonial office remained unmoved, though they might well have been smitten by the reproach inherent in Sir Francis' almost superhuman exertions in this period. Nothing escaped his notice. He entered a strong plea for the veterans of the Colony, so disabled by 'severe service and hard drinking' as to be unable to make a living in the Canadian climate. He described in his usual graphic manner the joy of the weeping slaves who, on reaching British soil, for the first time heard the sacred words, 'Let there be light, and there was light!' But he did more than this; Sir Francis, who always sympathized with suffering if only it were picturesque, effectually intervened to protect them. With regard to the 'mild aborigines', moreover, Sir Francis early noted 'that it was impossible for any accurate observer to refrain from remarking that civilization, in spite of the pure, honest, and unrelenting zeal of our missionaries, by some accursed process has blanched their babies' faces.' He concluded, with irrefutable logic, that the greatest kindness we could do them was 'to remove and fortify them as much as possible from all communication with the whites.'

Conflict in other directions was not lacking; and conflict always exhilarated Sir Francis. Early in his administration the C. O. began to be the dazed recipient of letters such as:—

My Lord: I have the honour to inform your Lordship that on Saturday, 12th instant, the six members of the Executive Council suddenly and simultaneously resigned—that a majority of twenty-seven against twenty-one of the House of Assembly very resolutely espoused their cause—that all business in the House was suspended until my answer to their address was received—that a public meeting has been called on the subject, in Toronto—that similar meetings will probably take place throughout the country—and that the whole province is, and for a short time will be in a state of very great excitement!

Sir Francis, who thrived on states of great excite-

ment, was perhaps not well qualified to judge of the effect of such missives on a decorous Colonial office, whose mystification was not lessened by the assurance, immediately following, that, 'All this will, I firmly believe, be productive of the *most beneficial public results.*'

It is further probable that the C.O. did not entirely grasp the momentous importance attaching to the election of the aldermen for Toronto, though Sir Francis explained so carefully that Toronto was full of unblushing radicals who would have liked nothing better than to have as mayor either Mr. Mackenzie or some one of the late lamented office-holders, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Ridout or Mr. Small; and this purely, Sir Francis believed, from motives of personal animosity to himself. Fortunately virtue, in the present instance, was triumphant; and what a depth of meaning is inherent in Sir Francis' conclusion:

'The political self-purification of this metropolis offers a moral which, I humbly conceive, does not require a comment.'

But did the C.O. share his triumph? Did it offer him its support in the trying times ensuing upon the publication of Mr. Papineau's historic letter to Mr. Bidwell? (Not but what Sir Francis was eminently capable of dealing unaided with Mr. Papineau, with whom he had points in common; there was a Semitic strain in the Papineau family too.) Did it applaud his heroic challenge, 'Let them come if they dare' Did it stand behind him when, as a last resort, he dissolved the Legislature? No. And worse was to follow.

For when the report of the Commission of Inquiry which had been sent out was published, not only were those dangerous heresies against which in particular Sir Francis had struggled, admitted; but they formed only part of a general policy which, he said, 'had a democratic character to which he could not conscientiously accord'. He resigned.

But the C.O. refused to lay his resignation before the King, and Sir Francis, perforce, remained at the post of duty. But when he later came to write the history of those anxious days, and found it necessary to mention therein the abhorred names of Mr. Bidwell, that incurable American, Mr. Morrison, Dr. Rolph, Dr. Baldwin or Mr. Duncombe, he took to noting in the margin, with gloomy satisfaction:

'Since absconded, and is now an outlawed traitor.'

'Since tried for treason, and has suddenly quitted the province.' Or with even more sinister significance: *'A reward of £500 is now offered for his apprehension.'*

Sir Francis wrote Lord Glenelg that 'the elections commenced on the 20th of June, and the struggle, as might be expected, was a desperate one.' But the Constitutionalists gained a majority of twenty-five, many notorious republicans lost their seats, and he was enabled to inform his superior that truth and justice, as usual, had prevailed. It is true that malicious rumours were circulated about fabrication of votes,

which Sir Francis treated with the silent contempt they merited. He did, however, mention to the C.O. that the republicans were, as a last dying struggle, meeting *secretly in Toronto night after night*. He did not, of course, know what took place at these meetings; but he felt it *might* be to make complaints regarding himself or 'complaints of some sort respecting the election'.

The vexed question of the disposal of the casual and territorial revenues of the Crown rocked the province to its foundations; but Sir Francis, secure in his moral fortress, passed over the puzzling and subtle legal aspects of the case to the conclusion, surely indisputable, that on *politic* grounds the revenues should be given to the representative of his Majesty rather than to the House of Assembly, 'which already too clearly preponderates.'

Sir Francis shuddered on learning that the King's word was already pledged to the wrong policy. Liking himself to a pilot, his favourite image of speech in moments of strong emotion, he wrote his Minister that he had looked upon the revenues of the Crown as their last cable. When they went, 'at the next tempest, we shall be driven on the rocks.' Sir Francis looked about for the rocks. They reared their heads on every side. The crash was not long in coming. Instructions had been sent to Sir Archibald Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, which Sir Francis was ordered to consider as addressed to himself as well; then indeed did his heart fail him and his courage sink, for Sir Archibald was advised to secure a Council 'representing the various interests which exist in the province, and possessing at the same time THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE AT LARGE!!' (The italics, the capitals, and the exclamation marks are Sir Francis' own.)

Sir Archibald, a noble veteran after Sir Francis' heart, retired; but Sir Francis could not retire, and further bitterness was added to his reflections by the fact that this order had been based on the representations of two deputies from the New Brunswick Assembly, Messrs. Crane and Wilmot, under conditions suspiciously resembling those which had preceded his own arrival in Canada, though 'Without meaning, in any degree', explained Sir Francis hastily, 'to compare these two most respectable gentlemen with Mr. Mackenzie.'

In this Sir Francis could not but perceive the hand-writing on the wall. Words (almost) failed him when he came to describe the taunts and sneers to which he was now exposed through the undeviating opposition of the C.O. When he forwarded spontaneous addresses of loyalty from the inhabitants ('secured by my own unassisted exertions') and said inhabitants waited palpitantly for word of the effect of same upon their Sovereign, ever and anon questioning Sir Francis as to what reply he had received, he was forced to respond, 'None.' On October 28, 1836, Sir Francis concluded

a private dispatch with the meaning words: 'From the treatment I am receiving, I feel that my services are not appreciated, and will not long be in action.'

It was, however, in an entirely altered tone that he next wrote; for in the interval the King's gracious approbation of his conduct had afforded him, as he said, the first happy moment he had enjoyed since his arrival. (The King's views on the elective Council and the Crown lands, as a matter of fact, were remarkably similar to Sir Francis' own, as he had once intimated to Lord Melbourne and Lord Glenelg to their considerable discomfiture 'They had better take care,' observed his Majesty simply on that occasion, when the Canadian situation was up for discussion, 'or by God I will have them impeached'.)

After this a minor crisis such as that produced by the sending of a Presbyterian delegate to the C.O. passed almost unnoticed, though the correspondence passing between them when published *was* found to contain language which Sir Francis noted coldly as 'intemperate and uncalled-for.'

It is hardly necessary to point out that deeper and darker issues lay beneath the ostensible cause of Sir Francis' final resignation, and it is in itself significant that Judge Ridout, that notorious bulwark of the Constitutional Reform Society, anticipated his doom and had declared publicly that if he were dismissed by Sir Francis, that noble Britisher would deserve to be *tarr'd and feather'd*, (Sir Francis never omitted the italics in quoting this threat) and moreover that he, Mr. Ridout, would lend a hand to do so. Sir Francis had borne much in silence; but when, he observed, a Judge talked about *tarring and feathering* the King's representative, he considered it was his duty to inform him that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services. But even this stern act of justice was rendered poignant by personal regret:

'I may add,' said Sir Francis pathetically, 'that shortly after my arrival here, I myself took a great deal of trouble to endeavour to reclaim Mr. George Ridout, and kindly to persuade him of his errors, but in vain.'

At this point the perfidy of the C.O., hitherto masked by allegations at least of support, appeared in all its naked shamelessness. Evading the momentous issue at stake, it proceeded to involve Sir Francis in futile quibbles as to whether Judge Ridout were in very fact a member of the Constitutional Reform Society, or whether he merely *appeared* to be a member.

'The press—the shameless and traitorous language of which it would be impossible to describe—' he determined to let alone; and in the same spirit of self-restraint he ignored 'Individuals of low station who publicly declared "*That the Lieutenant-Governor was the d-est liar and d-est rascal in the province.*" But the C.O. he could not ignore. Lord Glenelg was very unsatisfactory and very bland. He continued his maddening queries regarding Judge Ridout's connection with the C.R.S. ('Surely,' said Sir Francis with awful

emphasis, 'her Majesty's Government did not mean to insist that I ought to have acquired *personal knowledge* of the fact by attending the meeting *myself*!'

As the last straw, he requested Sir Francis to elevate Mr. Bidwell to the bench. This, Sir Francis remarked, created within him feelings which it was difficult to suppress. On second thought he did not suppress them; he refused. Lord Glenelg replied politely that he would not conceal from Sir Francis the surprise with which he had perused the dispatch offering his resignation. It was, however, accepted, although the news was delayed in reaching him.

Provisionally. For what might not have been the outcome had he not been present during the fatal month which followed, when the city of Toronto was, in his graphic words, in a moment of profound peace invaded by a band of armed rebels commanded by various notorious characters (enumerated) of whom they were the deluded victims, but all alike animated by the diabolical intention of plundering the banks and burning the city, leaving the miserable inhabitants helpless in the depth of a Canadian winter. Under the circumstances Sir Francis may be pardoned a slight feeling of satisfaction at the discovery that this army marched beneath a flag on which was inscribed:

BIDWELL and the glorious minority!
1837 and a good beginning.

'My Lord,' said Sir Francis, 'if that flag had, as was expected, by its followers, triumphantly entered Toronto, I have no hesitation in saying it would have waved over the corpse of every loyal subject in the city; indeed, we have received evidence that a general massacre of the Queen's loyal subjects would have been attempted.'

He appropriated the banner and carried it off to England with him. There were those who enquired by what right, but he already had it. It was a great comfort to him in his declining years.

In the meantime Sir Francis outdid himself. It is unfortunate that Fate, for the second time, should have found him asleep and the unkind hinted that there was some difficulty in awakening him. (They used feather beds in Government House in those days). But Sir Francis was perfectly capable of being heroic in a dressing-gown and in any case it was a pleasingly informal rising on both sides, for in the opposite camp the leader was generously offering to take his chief lieutenant out after breakfast and shoot him. There was much to be done. Sir Francis had to give the word of command to the troops; he had to order the houses of rebel leaders burned; he had to offer moral remarks to the prisoners who were brought before him after the battle of Gallows Hill. There was too the reward of £1,000 to be offered for his old opponent, which in some degree compensated Sir Francis for his sensations on being informed shortly before that in his shop in Toronto Mr. Mackenzie had publicly exhibited a

print, which is still extant, of himself, Sir Francis, writhing under the ministrations of an obviously Republican devil who held him firmly in a position of such extreme indelicacy that the chaste-minded must pass it by hastily and with a blush. Then there was a pirate steamer to be cut loose and sent burning over the Falls; ('Your Lordship will imagine, better than it is possible to describe, the solemn magnificence of this spectacle; yet it does not exceed the *moral* picture exhibited . . .') The disconcerting stories of negro and Indian activities in 1837 are calculated to keep the imaginative reader awake for many nights.

Taking it all in all, Sir Francis was a happy man. For once the C.O. was silenced; there was really nothing for them to say, particularly as Sir Francis had already resigned and remained at the helm not officially but in a spirit of the purest helpfulness. Moral impression succeeded moral impression, all of which Sir Francis conscientiously retailed to his superiors. The American episode passed; Sir Francis did not fail to improve the opportunity. Even his name, which in days past had often, it must be admitted, served as the subject for ribald and unseemly jest, now proved a blessing: 'Canadians, rally round your Head!' sang the gifted local bard.

But even rebellions cannot last forever; Sir Francis tore himself at length from the Colony he had 'so brilliantly governed and so happily saved,' as the grateful Quarterly Reviewer phrased it; but not without firing one parting shot:—

In retirement I shall remember the lessons which the people of Upper Canada have taught me; and I feel it my duty to declare that I leave the continent of America with my judgment perfectly convinced that the inhabitants of Europe, Asia, and Africa, are *right* in their opinion that all men are not by nature equal,—that the assertion of the contrary in America is a *fallacy*—and that talent, industry, and character, must elevate individuals, as they do nations.

May the resplendent genius of the British constitution ever continue to illuminate this noble land, and animated by its influence, may its inhabitants continue to be distinguished for humility of demeanour—nobility of mind—fidelity to their allies—courage before their enemy—mercy in victory—integrity in commerce—reverence for their religion—and, at all times, and under all circumstances, *implicit obedience to their laws*.

Honorable gentlemen and gentlemen,

FAREWELL!

With great self-denial he refused complimentary dinners en route to England, accepting in lieu thereof addresses commending him to the gratitude of their youthful and beloved Queen—'A person known as Victoria,' said Mr. Mackenzie in his most annoying manner.

Of the willful misunderstandings, the invidious allegations contained in Government reports, the refusals to hear his explanation, which were his lot in England, it is almost too touching to speak. The machinations of Mr. Stephen continued unabated; but note the final moral of this tale; Mr. Stephen went too far. Stung by repeated libels, Sir Francis resolved on the expedient of publishing his own version of events and when this appeared, the Tory press across all England

in its just wrath arose, and then where was Mr. Stephen? To the unthinking, perhaps, precisely where he was before.

But Sir Francis was not destined to languish in obscurity on his return. The Empire still required saving. In 1850 he published *The Defenceless State of Great Britain*, when Louis Napoleon became President of the French Republic; Sir Francis could see the dangers ahead, however resolutely his colleagues might shut their eyes to them. A few years later he spent a fortnight in Ireland; he reported his discoveries to a horrified world. Then the Crimean War came; life was really never dull. Sir Francis was unfortunately

not able to be present at that great conflict; but he could write about it. In 1867 he was made a member of the Privy Council. He lived to be eighty-two, and almost to the year of his death he rode to hounds; he was not the man to allow a careless world to forget that he had been Galloping Head in his youth. And he could from time to time take out the flag he had confiscated, and look at that; and there were his children and grandchildren and the nephews and nieces and cousins of his large semi-Jewish connection ever ready to gather about the patriarchal Head to hear once again the thrilling story of How the Colony was Saved from the Colonial office.

THE TRADER

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

A TWINKLING ice film showed in the circle of light as the fire was kicked to a yellow spurt of flame. The hunter, Long Knife, bent down and tapped it with his fingers. A delicate metallic tinkle like the ripple of wind bells could be heard along the margin of the river. Robert Jervis shivered and kicked the fire again. In the gloom behind him the three Indians shook themselves out of their buffalo robes and folded them together with wry glances at the ice-veiled water.

Long Knife turned out the empty pemmican bag and scratched hopefully along its greasy seams, while one of his companions drew up a line. The wet black cord came slowly and they watched it with fascinated eagerness till the empty hook snapped free. Still nothing. The lean bundles were too quickly ready. The march began.

'Follow Red Deer River and you can't miss the post?' The young clerk, Robert Jervis, stared bitterly at the gray-white slush-thickened water. He and his natives had abandoned the canoe two days ago when the ice along the margin had grown too solid to permit them to draw it shore. Across the widening white barrier they watched the tantalizing face of open water while they toiled hungry along the scrubby bank. With the canoes and the clear current they would have been at the post by now. But here to-day was ice stretching farther than ever and it was growing colder every minute. An early winter. Not a fish in that cold, sneering river, and not the smell of a buffalo or a lean old moose since they had left the lower post. It was incredible. If they could have kept the canoe, if they hadn't lost the other bag of pemmican when the canoe turned over the first day out. The lamentable story whined through Jervis's head. This was the end of high-hearted venture—to starve on the treeless shore of a freezing river with four Indians.

A piercing rain fell with gathered intensity, spitting

on the ice, soaking his shoulders and calves. Gray miserable bushes huddled along the low shore. They had never borne anything but tiny twisted gray leaves—no comfortable berries or succulent small fruits. The men's feet slogged heavily through the wet gravel. A cold wind rose.

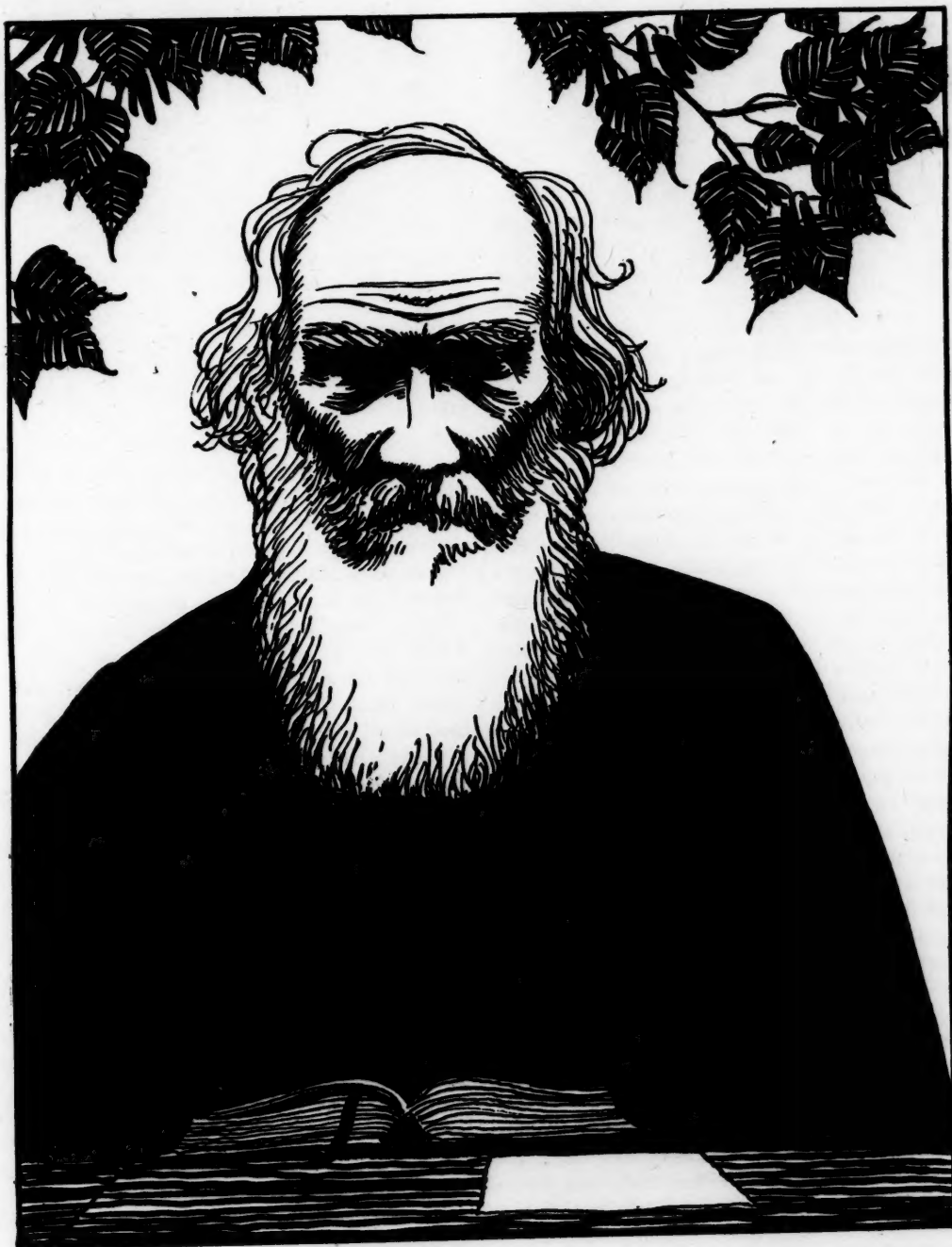
At noon the Indians kindled a spark of fire in the shelter of a buffalo robe and warmed a little of the river water in their kettle. All five drank and then chewed morosely on the fragments of a moccasin. There was no shelter and they dragged on again.

As the rainy dusk gathered a dark heap could be seen on the shore ahead. The Indians muttered to each other and quickened pace. For a moment Jervis hoped. He imagined a camp, a fire and bark trays of steaming moose steak. His sunken eyes shone. The dark object was too small for a tent. It resolved into a robe propped against the rain, under which lay a huddled figure. Long Knife called out, and Jervis stepped forward to look at the sleeper on that desolate shore. A man's face showed in the light of a tiny fire—a dark, hollow face, scarred across the forehead, the mouth open with the effort of drawing breath. He spoke a word or two to Long Knife and closed his eyes again.

'Says he sick.' Long Knife translated flatly. 'His people not wait. No food. Ice. He die.' He stepped back and looked at the ground. The sick man gasped without moving.

Jervis looked with irritation at the prostrate bundle. The wind was a file grating on his bones; the rain speared his half-frozen flesh. The river stretched away in a stiff gray sheet. Exhaustion and hunger dragged his shoulders together like a millstone. He looked helplessly at the dying man and at the malignant river—the ice running with rain. The Indians moved heavily forward.

'Can we—What can we'—began Jervis. The rain battered his face. He glanced down; the black figure



LEON TOLSTOY
1828-1910

Drawing by Thoreau MacDonald

lay like a stone. Woodenly he followed the Indians, opening his mouth to repeat the question and swallowing icy rain water instead.

They pushed on for two more hours and then camped for a supper of warm water and moccasin in the shelter of two stunted willows. The Indians slept presently, curled in their robes, but Jervis sat enduring the ache of his legs and back. The rain had turned to sleet.

The line next morning brought up a skeleton whitefish and on warm fish broth and moccasin and a rag of hope they hauled themselves along through a hard icy snow. That day wore through and a long frozen night and on the next afternoon they fell outside the stockade of Red Deer Fort and were bundled inside to hot blankets and buffalo soup.

A week later Jervis was limping about the factor's house eating prodigiously and looking with incredulous eyes at the piles of dried meat, the bags of fat and barrels of salt fish. The friendly faces of the factor and the bearded Canadians were vague as yet to him, more vague than that of the dying man on the river shore. In his extremity he had forgotten the man until the first morning he was able to leave his blankets and come shakily into the store room. The first person he seemed to see there was the Indian with the scarred forehead and bitten lips. The meeting seemed quite inevitable. He saw the man still lying in his fragile shelter under the frozen rain, he saw no one else half as clearly.

The days dragged by, Jervis walking with the image of the dead man as with a second self. 'What could I have done?' he asked himself forlornly in the cluttered store room, and 'what could I have done?' over and over desperately in his bunk in endless winter nights. The scarred face of the Indian was not accusing, merely quiet and a little sad. What could he have done? Nothing, obviously nothing, except to follow his hunters who had given the encounter no second thought. Yet to have left the man there suffering—under falling sleet—. The image was terrible to him. If only in some way he might appease that unquiet ghost.

The winter passed. Broken ice was cracking and drumming in the river when Long Knife and his hunters returned from an expedition with two moose. While the women skinned them and cut up the meat, the hunters sat sroaking by the fire, and then Long Knife came into the store room to report his luck. He had seen more than moose. Indians were on their way to the post. In a week or two they would be bringing in the winter catch and the somnolent routine of the traders would be quick with life. Of this band and that Long Knife brought rumours. Of one in particular. He turned toward Jervis and remarked casually.

'That man we saw—last fall—by river—him coming down.'

Something prickled along the back of Jervis's neck. 'He's dead!' he blurted.

'He got better. His people found him—on way back. All coming down.'

Jervis's relief was oddly compounded with dismay. He was unspeakably glad of the man's all but miraculous recovery; he wanted to help the Indian, to give him double credit, make him a chief, in some way to extend the friendship he had withheld on that austere occasion. His emotions were not unmarked by a thread of fear. After two years of a clerk's life, the wilderness was still stark and terrible to him and Indian nature a nervous mystery. He knew that natives were often vengeful. Had not this man a sore grievance? Jervis suppressed the thought as unworthy. He would attend only to his impulse to redress the wrong. The man should have extra credit—that he must certainly manage.

A week later the season's trading began in earnest. The first days of activity were confusing and nerve-racking to the young clerk. The tents pitched to the west of the post buzzed with life. New parties arrived constantly while old ones departed and the store room rafters shook with greeting and farewell hilarity. The well-watered liquor flowed in quantities which compensated for its dilution. Drunken Indians sang and fought night after night on the proceeds of their winter's toil, the women drinking and fighting with equal avidity, while children screamed underfoot. Jervis's head ached after sleepless nights and exhausting days of weighing beads and shot, measuring out broadcloth, folding blankets, counting gunworms, knives, files, red handkerchiefs, checking over and piling up furs. The crowded room was gritty with the smell of smoke and cheap rum.

Another tempestuous evening drew in, with a new party just arrived and presents of liquor and Brazil tobacco flowing freely. Jervis had retired to the Trader's room for a supper of boiled whitefish and returned to take care of the store while the chief trader ate in his turn and looked over his accounts. It was late, but the celebration continued without abatement. The Indians were more uproarious than usual. One in particular, a tall man in a red-fringed jacket with a beaver cap pulled over his eyes, kept jumping about in a peculiarly maudlin fashion, falling over a bench at every other step and kicking a shorter man who countered with a shower of feeble blows which always struck bystanders. These two kept the others in a state of ferment. Jervis knew that it was customary to deal sharply with such nuisances, but the trader had fallen into a heavy sleep in his bunk and the clerk stood in full temporary authority. He waited impatiently, but when the tall man kicked over a woman and sent her and her two children into a burst of ear-splitting screams, he could endure the riot no longer. Seizing a stout measure, Jervis leapt over the counter and

struck the tall man sharply over the head. At the third blow the Indian collapsed limply on the floor. His cap had fallen off as he lay sprawling, looking up with ludicrous amazement not untouched with fear at the clerk with his upraised rod. The measure clattered from Jervis's hand. The dark eyes blinked at him under a deeply scarred forehead. It was the Indian he had left to die on the hungry short of Red Deer River.

The commotion rapidly subsided. The soberer natives went out to their tents, but many slept where they had fallen. The tall man lay snoring brutally in the light of Jervis's candle. The clerk seemed to feel on his own head the three blows he had dealt. This was his act of compensation to the man he had not saved. The candle shuddered in his hand. What now of the kindness he had planned and what was the man himself likely to do? Jervis wondered in the chilly darkness of his bunk.

'They told me you lit into that tall one with a scar,' said the trader next morning. 'Good thing. He's a bad lot. No hunter and makes trouble every time.'

Jervis was involved in warm, tremulous sensations of pity for the man he felt he had wronged; all night he had planned some signal reparation. He would buy the man a wife if he wanted one; he would give him a gun. The man himself appeared soon after, a

lean, dark fellow, the scar almost concealed under his cap. He approached the counter. Slowly, with difficulty, Jervis raised his eyes to meet those of his accuser. To what depth of callous cruelty had he not descended in this man's eyes. But the Indian did not look at him at all. He muttered instead to the interpreter. Crisp, sunny morning air was flowing through the open door across the stale smoke of the room. Jervis shivered a little and straightened his shoulders. He must meet the Indian's reproach with prompt amends. But the man's eyes held nothing menacing.

'He wants a blanket,' repeated the interpreter, 'and a gun and a shirt.' The Canadian grinned decisively. 'He ain't got credits worth a flea,' he added, half aloud.

The Indian turned his head sideways before Jervis. His tone became pleading, almost a whine.

'And an axe,' giggled the interpreter.

The credit book lay open and Jervis turned the pages briskly. Sun filled the room. It was a clear, cool, singing day. The shadow of reproach winged past him like an arrow and was gone.

'No blanket,' he snapped, 'with no more credits than this. Ask him if he thinks we support lazy Indians that won't hunt. If his gun is broken he can have one and a little ammunition, but nothing else till he brings in a few furs for a change.'

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT

By MARCUS ADENEY

FROM Leopoldsberg, last and unpretentious rampart of the Eastern Alps, you may watch the Blue Danube (deceptive title!) curve widely below, to pour its waters in easy abandon upon the illimitable plains. Like a vast silver ribbon it stretches from the foot of Leopoldsberg, past the ancient city of Vienna and on into remote distance, where to all appearances water, land and sky dissolve in a blaze of light. Southward the plain might extend infinitely, but across the river to the east the eye may just discern a rocky barrier, white limestone glistening in the sun. These are the Little Carpathians and lie beyond the Austrian boundary. Almost all of Austria's farm lands, you reflect, are spread out here within the range of human vision. To the west are the wooded slopes of the *Wienerwald*, perfect playground of Vienna, but commercially of little value. And behind the *Wienerwald* the Alps pile up, with ever-increasing grandeur, until the Swiss border is reached.

No tourist visits the plain that lies between Vienna's eastern doors. International expresses cross swiftly on their way to or from Budapest, but no one descends at local stations save villagers who have had affairs to attend to in Vienna. From Leopoldsberg this wide

expanse of green, interspersed with yellow and white villages, appears especially inviting. It is a picture properly framed, with the river in the foreground, hills to the north, and a dim, suggestive mountain barrier closing the line of vision. A land flowing with milk and honey, you would say, where a man might live contentedly all his days.

Strange while gazing upon this earthly paradise to reflect how much man has here suffered, perhaps will suffer again, from his conflict with man. Here the invading Mongols, checked by no human force, but rather by a surfeit of easy conquest and the river, turned back reluctantly, to leave a permanent racial impress upon the Hungarian people. Here Russian and Austrian clashed in Napoleonic times, and from these quiet villages the best men again went forth in recent years to fight the ancestral foe. And what that meant may be best realized by scanning the list of names on any memorial tablet. It is difficult to imagine how villages so small could have produced so much material for slaughter.

A local train from Vienna goes as far as Gansersdorf. The next station, being on the frontier, is no place for wandering strangers. But Gansersdorf, unvisited

and unsung, may be taken as typical of many villages and is flattered by any attention from the outer world. The great plain loses much of its attractiveness with close contact. Fields, laid out in long strips and usually unfenced, seem to occupy every available foot of ground; trees are rare and far between. In the village itself one-storey houses with large windows are generally built immediately beside dusty lanes, so that a casual walk may provide much information with regard to household affairs. They are a singularly open and candid people, these Austrians.

From a distance Ganersdorf is decidedly picturesque, with its low yellow houses clustered about a commanding church tower. The effect at sundown and in silhouette is that of a toy village carved out of a single block. But at close quarters this charm is largely dissipated. Indeed, I should have returned to Vienna almost disinterested had not my rambling, just at twilight, brought me within earshot of appreciably good music. Investigation revealed a group of about a dozen musicians, villagers of the poorest sort, gathered about a gesticulating leader within a low-roofed cottage. Windows had been opened wide, for the evening was noticeably warm, and from the interior came a flood of Beethoven's wild and majestic harmonies. An interruption occurred; the conductor expressed himself volubly, and then the performance was resumed. Listening, I became fascinated by the almost barbaric forcefulness of this village band. Crude and inexpert these musicians certainly were, flagrant were their errors and yet sheer zest and spontaneity somehow made the effort musically worth while. Beethoven, when he lived, was with these people in spirit. He expresses them to-day. No false reverence stands between them and his gigantic outpourings. Instinctively they seem to grasp that elemental quality which is the very soul of greatness. Canada seemed very far away that evening and Ganersdorf in no strange land.

II.

All this by way of introduction to Paris, Ontario, and a consideration of the Amateur Spirit in our small towns. It might be illuminating for the Parisian to reflect that the Ganersdorfer would probably give all his earthly goods to be planted anywhere on this continent with rights of citizenship. The Austrian villager has one supreme ambition, to get out of Austria and into the New World. Meanwhile, of course, he does what he can to make life pleasant in spite of poverty, and the visitor wonders if he has not been more successful than he knows. Which, in all honesty, is preferable—to possess a hundred-dollar radio which delivers more or less distorted music in a continuous stream, or to take up a clarinet or French horn and go round to a friend's cottage, there to make music of your own in conjunction with enthusiastic neighbors? Who derives the most satisfaction, the man who creates or the man who buys the use of a man-created thing?

Here we have the crux of the matter, a question we Westerners have not yet dealt with intelligently. Have we instincts and impulses that demand creative work as a necessary form of self-expression, or must we labour only to keep ourselves and our families safe, comfortable and amused? Are we spiritually progressive human beings or merely quick-witted animals that have learned to harness the powers of the earth and to refine sense pleasures?

The Amateur Spirit, that is to say the spirit which leads to creative effort apart from all hope of bettering one's worldly condition, obviously cannot greatly favour one nation or one locality. It must be proper to humanity under favourable conditions, and its flowering will depend upon all those factors which affect self-expression. The true amateur is a spiritually articulate human being; he has learned to play in creation and to create in his play; he is of all men most blessed because in him is the joy of labour and the significance of play. Personal hopes and fears may be sublimated during his leisure hours, and if he is bored other people's inanity and not loneliness will be the cause.

The Amateur Spirit, paradoxical though it seems, flourishes best where worldly goods are comparatively few and difficult to acquire. Man always travels by the easiest way, and if a pleasing diversion is available he will not normally pursue a greater good involving effort. Hence the immediate effect of prosperity may be to impoverish the spirit, which cannot feed upon mere luxury and unintelligent pleasures of the senses; and hence the dulness, boredom, and cynicism so terribly characteristic of our times. By making life too easy we may deprive it of essential values.

Machine production and machine perfection have both affected a certain kind of amateur adversely. What man cares to spend much time and effort upon something that a machine can turn out more efficiently in a few minutes? Why should he seek to master a craft in which the machine must be forever his superior? This view of production is, fortunately, not a final one. If we were not deluded by our respect for the machine we ourselves have created we should see that goods produced mechanically possess only mechanical values. They are not humanly expressive and cannot give true delight either to producer or possessor. Their values are indirect and presuppose an absolute good, lying outside their world, which is worth attaining. Here we have the ultimate solution of the problem of the machine. Its value will some day be truly estimated in terms of human liberty, that and nothing else. First slaves to the machine, then machine-worshippers, man will at last compel the machine to provide all common necessities, his own activities being thereafter intelligent and actively creative. Such, at any rate, must be the amateur's dream.

The Amateur Spirit, being essential to man's ultimate victory over expediency, lives eternally in every community, large and small. Thwarted in one direction

it soon reappears in another; and how amazingly varied are these amateur pursuits! In Paris, Ontario, where the amateur musician ought logically to have disappeared beneath the crushing weight of mechanical reproducers, there is an ever-increasing demand for musical instruction. What one of these enthusiasts hopes to surpass in excellence the performance he may bring to his own fireside by merely tuning-in? Is it simply the spirit of emulation that urges him to undergo weeks, months, years of laborious discipline? Or is it a need of vital self-expression? In Paris and in Ganserndorf the Amateur Spirit finds musical expression difficult. Paris seems to have no communal use for amateur musicians. The town band does not represent local musical interests; it does not attempt to play the best music and cannot attract the best performers. The piano and the violin hold undisputed sway in an exclusive field. Players of wind instruments gravitate to jazz orchestras, becoming at once and automatically professionals. Musical interest is thus specialized, and there is no collaboration. Ganserndorf has no money for pianos and takes no interest in jazz. Its musicians meet on common ground before a Beethoven score, but they are insufficiently trained. They are doubtless behind the times. As Paris is to-day so may Ganserndorf be in twenty years; the desire is all on one side, and Austria will not always be poverty stricken. But even in their present affliction these villagers have one lesson to teach the Canadian small town—the value of communal music.

The Amateur is, by the nature of things, a productive individual. The community is enriched by his presence. A census might well be taken of local amateurs with the object of uncovering special talent and turning it to broadly useful ends. Every amateur has some special information. In his own department he is more or less expert and entirely free from ulterior interests. From the amateur come the freshest ideas. He should be encouraged to express himself in the local paper, to communicate those discoveries which have enriched his own life. Let the expert golfer explain his methods, the botanist describe local flora, the literary enthusiast talk about books, the horticulturalist about flowers, the man with ideas for civic improvements impart these ideas through the columns of the press. The printed sheet should be a clearing house for ideas. As such it would be of interest to everyone and of real value to the community.

At the present time most amateurs deliberately seek seclusion; but this is an unnatural condition and results from an awareness of public indifference; which to the ardent enthusiast, must always appear in the light of a personal rebuff. Men are socially inclined by nature and have no inborn desire for concealment.

Encourage the amateur! The community needs his services, and he requires self expression in the community.



CHRONICLES OF CRIME

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK, by Herbert Asbury (Knopf-Macmillans in Canada; pp. xviii, 382; \$4.25).

SOME three or four years ago there appeared, as a Doctor's dissertation in Chicago, a study of the gangs of that city. The study was illuminating, depressing, thorough, convincing in its statistical impressiveness and in its evidence of first-hand knowledge of the subject. Its scientific value as a contribution to the sum of knowledge in the subject of social science is probably great; its contribution to the working knowledge of the men and women who are actually engaged in the practical study of the problems raised and in the amelioration of conditions discussed is probably slight, although it may have supplied them with campaign literature; its educational effect on the public is probably seriously weakened by the unfortunate circumstance that it is much too educational, and not nearly emotional enough.

Now there comes an 'informal history' of the gangs of New York, and from the standpoint of the social worker it will, I am afraid, prove a disappointment. There is no false glamour thrown around the life of the gangsters: no young man or boy is likely to be tempted to a life of violence by reading it: no narcotic seductiveness plays through its pages. Indeed, the sordidness of it all is definitely indicated as sordidness, never as romantic unconventionalism; and the author of *Up from Methodism*, not now in protest against the narrowness of the old dogmatism, finds himself standing on the same moral platform, and occasionally is betrayed into paragraphs that might hark back to old Bishop Asbury himself. There is no levity in this bit of description of a notorious old tenement of the early nineteenth century, the Old Brewery:—

During the period of its greatest renown the building housed more than 1,000 men, women and children, almost equally divided between Irish and Negroes. Most of the cellar compartments were occupied by Negroes, many of whom had white wives. In these dens were born children who lived into their 'teens without seeing the sun or breathing fresh air, for it was as dangerous for a resident of the Old Brewery to leave his niche as it was for an outsider to enter the building. In one basement room, about fifteen feet square, not ten years before the Civil War, twenty-six people lived in the most frightful misery and squalor. Once when a murder was committed in this chamber (a little girl was stabbed to death after she had been so foolish as to show a penny she had begged) the body lay in a corner for five days before it was finally buried in a shallow grave dug in the floor by the child's mother. . . .

So much of this side of the book. I have mentioned

it because I wish to protect my author from any charge of brutal callousness. For the great charm of the book lies in underlying gaiety of its spirit. The gangs are gone; the particular conditions described have been remedied; one may be cheerful about it, just as one may quite joyously sing of making the Spaniards walk the plank.

Occasionally one runs into a garrulous old pioneer of some frontier town, now grown old and sedate, but which has seen wilder days, and draws from him the chronicle of those days. Such and such a building, possibly now a Gospel Hall, was a notorious dive in those early years; such and such a character terrorized the town, was an evil savour until he was hanged and now is one of the secret prides of the most respectable. And as your pioneer host drives you around in his old car he gives you in a mixture of sober chronology and anecdotal tradition the disreputable history of his town. One meets him not only at home, but on trains, at Business Men's Conventions, at Ministerial Conferences. Just such a chronicle is that of Mr. Asbury. There is a conscientious history of the great gangs of New York, from the eighteenth century on to the killing of the last surviving New York gangster, Little Augie, in 1927. There are sketches of the early resorts and rendezvous corners of the gangs, and there are photographs of recent worthies, such as Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, and others. The serious historian who is looking for information on this aspect of the life of New York will find the book invaluable.

But Mr. Asbury is really telling this story because he enjoys it, and for the sake of a large number of abandoned wretches who will enjoy it, too, men who in spirit belong to Mr. Pearson's Crime Club. He is telling it with that gruesome, luscious rubbing of the hands together which Dickens would not have been caught doing, but must have enjoyed in the privacy of his gorgeous imagination.

Consider this:—

Gallus Meg was one of the notorious characters of the Fourth Ward, a giant Englishwoman well over six feet tall, who was so called because she kept her skirt up with suspenders, or galluses. She was bouncer and general factotum of the Hole-in-the-Wall, and stalked fiercely about the dive with a pistol stuck in her belt and a huge bludgeon strapped to her wrist. She was an expert in the use of both weapons, and like the celebrated Hell-Cat Maggie of the Five Points, was an extraordinary virtuoso in the art of mayhem. It was her custom, after she had felled an obstreperous customer with her club, to clutch his ear between her teeth and so drag him to the door, amid the frenzied cheers of the onlookers. If her victim protested and struggled, she bit his ear off, and having cast the fellow into the street she carefully deposited the detached member in a jar of alcohol behind the bar, in which she kept her trophies in pickle. . . .

If there be any readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM sufficiently debased to find pleasure in the reading of such a disgusting paragraph as the one I have just quoted, they will enjoy the reading of this history. But it will be useless for them to try to borrow my copy. It is not for loan.

J. D. ROBINS.

BELLOC IN HIS OWN WORLD

MANY CITIES, by Hilaire Belloc, with drawings by Edmond L. Warre (Constable—Macmillans in Canada; pp. xi, 262; \$6.25).

HILAIRE BELLOC is one of the few travellers left in a world that is crawling with tourists. In a book with this title written by one of those globe-trotters who are among the less useful by-products of the industrial revolution, we might have found chapters on Paris, Peking, Buenos Ayres, Moscow, and Bangkok, in which those capitals would be vividly contrasted by an observer who did not know the history of his native city. But no modern capital is described by Mr. Belloc: his cities are the ancient towns of Christendom which he has visited and revisited during many years to see some good thing of which he has heard or to recapture an emotion experienced on some site steeped in the history of his faith. He has travelled to these places as scholars and pilgrims have travelled through the ages, in the same spirit and often in the same way. Spain, he will tell you, is a great country: to know its cities you should walk into it, over the Pyrenees, and penetrate to its heart on foot, by long day's marches over the high burning plains of Aragon, where life as the popular proverb has it is 'nine months of ice and three of hell'. Then will be vouchsafed to you, if you are worthy, some understanding of the people of that land, and, too, some true appreciation of the achievement of the men who through the centuries beat back the Mohammedans in a thousand battles, assaults, and sieges, and reconquered one by one the towns and provinces of Christian Europe.

For Mr. Belloc the fascination of that thousand years' war with Islam is as strong as ever. 'In that enormous conflict', he writes, 'the Europe we know was born. Out of the discipline of that conflict arose our military spirit, our loyalties, and our ballads. . . . It was in the heat of such a furnace, in the press of the Crusades, that we found our characteristic architecture, which has stamped all Europe with the pointed arch, our representative system (now in decay)—for parliaments are from the Pyrenees—our national monarchies, and that common loyalty to Europe which is to-day half forgotten, but which any menace immediately revives.' All that vast battlefield on two continents is marked with the 'three great strata'; first the Roman and the Greek world, then the alien life of Islam, and finally 'the layer of Europe returning'. All three are evident in the form and spirit of the Mediterranean cities of Mr. Belloc's world—whether in Charchell, so recently recaptured, which was Caesarea (and where that queen called 'The Moon', the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra, held her court), or in Cefalu on the Sicilian coast, where the Gothic cathedral raised by Roger the Norman stands to this



THE OPEN BOOK



Vol. I. No. 1

AUGUST, 1928

Fascism Typically Italian, Says Mussolini

Intimate Revelation of Life and Aims of Il Duce,
by Close Friend and Fellow Fascist

"Fascism" is a typically Italian product, just as Bolshevism is typically Russian. Neither of the two can be transplanted or live outside its native land." Such is one of Mussolini's characteristic *pronunciamientos*, quoted by Vittorio E. De Flori in his startling new biography of the great modern dictator. Mussolini, the man of mystery, the man about whom the whole world is curious, is here for the first time authentically and adequately presented. "The little hoodlum of Predappio," Mussolini the Student, Mussolini the Exile, "A haughty vagrant," Mussolini the Artist with "the unfailing fiddle," "A hard-fisted pugilist," "The apostle of war," Mussolini the Editor, the last duellist, Mussolini "in the trenches",—the Fascist legionary with "castor oil and clubs"; through all these guises we follow the development of the national hero who led his vast hordes of "black shirts" through almost inconceivable physical discomforts to the bloodless conquest of the eternal city. Those who would understand the present situation

in Italy must read this book; those who delight in courage, in the consuming fire of patriotism, and in the unswerving will that makes for greatness, will thrill to the vivid picture it draws. Published by J. M. Dent and Sons at Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W., Toronto. \$1.75.

Startling Story of Prison Life at Redemp- tion Island

Unusual indeed were conditions in the prison where Marcelin Randall, the daughter of a well-known Canadian alderman, spent the amazing months of which *Redemption Island* tells the story. Psychologists speak learnedly of crime as a disease, and expert psychiatrists are called in to aid in the defense of criminals who are dangerous to their fellow-men, but where do we find any effort being made to cure the sufferer from a tainted mind? Mr. Hale sees only one remedy, justice. The sufferer must receive neither harsh condemnation from the naturally cruel nor false pity from the absurdly sentimental. He must be given an opportunity to find himself through work, through pleasant relations with his fellow-men, and through responsibility as he proves worthy of it. There is no unnecessary degradation, the aim

Buried Treasure

Even if you are the proud possessor of the "Five foot shelf of knowledge" and have taken correspondence courses in the A.B.C. and X.Y.Z. in order to please your wife or shine in society, are there not many books, of which you say, "Oh yes," but which you have not read, or into which, at best, you have merely dipped? All these, all the good old books that are the backbone of our literature, are to be found in Everyman's Library, planned as a Universal Library. This Spring we added Castiglione's *Courtier*, Madame Bovary, *A Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs*, *The Origin of Species*, and *Mandeville's Travels*. There are over 800 equally fascinating titles in this great library, published by J. M. Dent and Sons at Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street W., Toronto, at 55c. per volume. Why not dig into these half-forgotten treasures?



Quiller-Couch

One of the grand old figures in our literary life is Quiller-Couch. Commenting on the first collected edition of his perennially fresh and delightful novels and romances, J. B. Priestley says in the *Daily News*: "'Q' has a fine taste in men, women, poetry, prose, sayings, jokes, whatever you will, and everything he offers is stuffed full of good ripe humanity. All his work is really written, never merely hustled on paper." Twelve of these handsome little volumes have already been published at \$1.00 each, and the arrival of each new one is an event to be greeted with joy by lovers of fine writing and fine book-making. Published by J. M. Dent and Sons at Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

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Strangely lovely is the language with which Leslie Reid clothes his tragic tale of Trevy the nameless lad who grew up beside one of England's most beautiful rivers. Driven from his home in the old mill, he sought in vain some niche in the busy whirling world, where his thoughtful poet-soul would not be terrified by the coarse pleasures and frantic competition of men. In vain! Heart-sore and weary he found his way back to the wilderness, and struck the Trevy, his own river, near its source. Of the visions that came to him by the way, and of the final gesture by which he redeemed his river from bondage, only the author can tell, in words of music whose delicate perfection lends the note of inevitable finality to the tragedy. Published by J. M. Dent and Sons at Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W., Toronto. \$2.00.

(Continued from column 2)

being not to break pride, but to give it a worthy object.

Extraordinary as it may seem in view of the provocative nature of the subject, this book is yet a fascinating story holding the interest to the end, and the somewhat surprising climax. Marcelin's awakening to interest in life is shown most naturally, and Colonel Wray captures the imagination of every reader. Published by J. M. Dent and Sons at Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

day 'with superb mosaic looking not a lifetime old, but set into its cement before Richard of England sailed by with his square crimson sails to conquer Cyprus and to fail before Jerusalem.'

From the recovered cities of Africa and the Islands Mr. Belloc turns back refreshed to Gaul, to cathedrals that have been assailed by nothing worse than time and Huguenots and to cities whose Christian traditions are carried back in stone unbroken through the Dark Ages to the Roman foundations from which they sprang. It is here that our author is most happy, most at home: 'Nowhere is there the least trace of a re-entrant curve; nowhere is there that characteristic of all things Oriental, an attempt at lightness.' These monuments, Perigueux, for example, or Chaise Dieu, have about them 'the characteristics of our Western race and culture—strength, density, and the ponderous stuff which is determined upon eternity.' Some of the cities hold not only the memories but the bones of men who had those characteristics in marked degree—Aix-la-Chapelle, where Mr. Belloc can feel the unifying influence of Charlemagne still, or Tournai, the town of Clovis, who reunited Gaul and left to his sons 'the enormous field of that quadrilateral between the Pyrenees and the Channel, the Atlantic and the Rhine, which was the heir of Rome, contained its living traditions and carried on its mission.'

Clovis, therefore, is an important figure in the history of the Rhineland question which keeps good Frenchmen and Germans awake at night still; for Mr. Belloc holds, and with some reason, that the core of the Rhineland feud lies in the fact that 'the Rhine March, though essentially German in language, culture, and upon the whole, in race, has another spiritual strain in it and another historical memory, and goes back to a very different foundation from the Germany that stands round the Elbe.' But it is not often that Mr. Belloc dwells upon controversial issues in this book, the finest thing he has given us for years. He has taken a holiday, and it almost seems as though this return to the genial air of his native world had cured a jaundice of long standing, contracted in the world of Mammon. His sense of proportion is restored, his perceptions are whetted, his enthusiasms rekindled; and while his musings are coloured with a robust and militant faith that is on occasion reinforced with prejudice, it is those same qualities that have made *Many Cities* the living thing it is: for the very walls of these cathedral cities were built of that faith and buttressed with prejudice. This reviewer, for one, would give no more for a book on these places written by a heretic than he would give for a history of Protestantism written by Mr. Belloc. Hilaire Belloc was the right man to write this book, and he is to be congratulated on having found in Mr. Warre the right man to illustrate it.

R. DE B.

A MACABRE BIOGRAPHY

THE SKULL OF SWIFT, by Shane Leslie. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus; pp. 347; 12s. 6d.).

IT was natural to expect that with the present vogue for romantic biographies sooner or later someone would try to refashion the story of Swift. For it is a story providing such attractive material in abundance—mystery, romance, humour, tragedy, with plenty of Court gossip and political scandal. The only disadvantage is that since Sir Walter Scott's *Life* it has been handled and used so often, that many who have read none of Swift's books except *Gulliver's Travels* are acquainted with the strange fates of Stella and Vanessa, and have shuddered at Thackeray's horrible picture of this misanthropic Dean, who becomes for him the symbol of the greatest misery and despair that the human mind has even experienced.

Mr. Shane Leslie spares us Scott's heroics and Thackeray's horror-stricken and emotional outbursts, and makes good use of the material that has since become available for a more accurate study of Swift. But it is not very clear why he calls his book *The Skull of Swift* and why the wrapper is ornamented with these designs of the skulls of Swift and Stella. It is indeed peculiarly dangerous for a man who is about to expound such a difficult subject as this to indulge in these macabre gestures. And we are not further reconciled to his manner by the opening pages—a Prelude on the theme of the skulls, their excavation in 1835, and their description according to Sir William Wilde, and the judgment of the phrenologists, although we may share his feelings towards the 'graceless ghouls' who dug them up, and the stupid and idiotic fools whose 'phrenological art enabled them to decipher *amativeness large and wit small* between the sutures of his dead brain.'

The main contention of the book is found in the prefatory survey contained in the next chapter. It is a very 'simple attempt to explain Swift's 'inconsistencies and conundrums' on the supposition that he 'had no soul.'

We know that Swift left a mortal skull. It is difficult to believe that an immortal soul ever quitted that inverted bowl of bone. The presumption that Swift with all his gifts possessed no soul resolves an enigma which might prove as difficult to the Divinity on Judgment Day as it was to his fellow divines and mortal critics during his lifetime.

This theory is so meaningless that we are not surprised to find little further trace of it later in the book. It merely spoils what might otherwise be a very readable book by prompting Mr. Leslie to indulge in such flashing phrases as 'He was too meticulous to be mystic.' . . . 'He oozed realism more than religion.'

And perhaps the most painful reflection that remains after patiently reading the book to the end is this: that it is possible for a writer of Mr. Leslie's talent to spend so much time with Swift without being

"The Best Room in the House"

He was a young business man—about forty years old, I judge, and tolerably successful. He had just built himself a new home and was showing us over it with pardonable pride. But pride changed to affectionate enthusiasm when we reached his Library. "This," he said, "is the best room in the house. When I enter here and shut the door I shut out all the cares of business. I forget all the annoyances of the day and I enter a realm of pure enjoyment, of deep mental refreshment. Sitting by my own fireside I get all the amusement that is to be obtained at the theatre and *I never get a rotten show.*"

MY LIBRARY A KINGDOM IS

* * * * *

"Here," he continued, as his hand rested on Maurice Bedel's *JEROME OR THE LATITUDE OF LOVE*, "is a real 'tired business man's show.' It is a most amusing satire on both romantic and modern love and a gay and sprightly contrast of northern and southern temperaments. Jerome, French and therefore the perfect lover, playwright, and so an authority on life, young and with charming illusions, meets Uni, daughter of cold Norway, female therefore to be treated chivalrously, young and, of course, unsophisticated. But Jerome's idea of the latitude of love was not the same as Uni's, hence this perfect distillation of 'the pure ether of comedy.' 'This book,' says the *New York Times* reviewer, 'is just right for summer. The descriptions of arctic Norway alone will keep one cool.' Written with grace, with wit, and with technical deftness, it has furnished me with an abundance of entertainment at the price of a theatre ticket, \$2.50"

LOVE IN LATITUDE 60° NORTH

"I bought this," he said, turning to *REMBRANDT*, by Sandor Brody, "on the judgment of Mr. S. Morgan-Powell of the *Montreal Daily Star*. He calls it 'another remarkable book,' in which 'the brilliant Hungarian author draws for us a picture of the greatest of all portrait painters which must take its place in the world's gallery of immortal tributes to genius."

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... This brilliantly illuminative work comes as a real beam penetrating the darkness that covered the last three years of the great artist's life—years in which, though racked by disease, deserted by friends, and harassed by poverty, he yet succeeded in committing to canvas some of his finest works. 'There is aesthetic beauty here, spiritual and material, and few things can be found in the writings of the last twenty years finer than Brody's description of Rembrandt's death. This touches the heights and will be remembered long by all who are privileged to read it. I know of no such book about any other artist.' It is indeed a privilege to read, nay more, to treasure this 'remarkable book,' which cost but the price of a theatre ticket, \$2.50.

* * * * *

"From out of the heart of Bolshevik Russia there came to me *THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST SCHOOL BOY*, by N. Ogniyov. If this amazing chronicle of a still more amazing life can be believed, the Russian upheaval is unlike any other previous revolution. For whereas after the French and other revolutions life, except for the wider freedom gained by the oppressed masses, conformed pretty much to the conventional pattern, the authors of the Russian revolution seem bent not only on wiping out almost every trace of the previous civilization, but on building everything anew from the ground up. I wouldn't have missed reading it for the world. I agree with Mr. George Gould, of *The London Observer*, who describes it as 'an extraordinary and exciting book' . . . which seemed to take one into the very heart of an alien experience.' Nevertheless, one closes it with the feeling that 'tis a mad world, my masters.' This excursion into national Bedlam may be had for the price of a theatre ticket, \$2.50.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS

"Jules Verne's 'Round the World in 80 Days' is now slow travelling, for the globe has been circled in 26 days and an adventurous gentleman is about to attempt the journey in 23. Fast travelling indeed, but in your library you can go in the twinkling of an eye from Russia's 'icy mountains to India's coral strand.' Mr. Waldemar Bonsels in *AN INDIAN JOURNEY*, takes you into the very midst of this primeval and mystical people. India has been the subject of many books and much discussion during the past year. Mr. Bonsels went to India to compare its customs with those of his own country. He writes with understanding as a naturalist, a poet, and a philosopher, and has succeeded in adding to the literature on India something fresh and substantial in prose of exquisite beauty. \$4.00.

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TRUTH THAT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

"Yes," he murmured reflectively, "the library is the best room in the house—a veritable healing place of the soul."



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in the least influenced by the beauty of Swift's art. He did not intend of course to give us a critical study of Swift's writings, but it is strange never to find the least sign of any appreciation of the sheer perfection of Swift's prose. And how is it possible for a man to turn from the reading of Swift and write such stuff as this?

'The mighty pen was hushed but not crushed. It was no longer wise to whip the Whigs or to dig a Duchess, or to lash the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.'

or again, to describe the trifles Swift produced in his later years when he hobnobbed and scribbled with Sheridan:—

It was the descent of Jove and Juvenal to Pierrot and Patische. It was the Marathon runner taken to acrobatics. It was Hercules juggling with the apples of the Hesperides of playing pushpenny with the grooms in the Augean stables. It was Gulliver gaga. The Dean was dotting. He had once called Life 'a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition.' His own words were upon him and worse, for the remainder of his existence became a ghastly decomposition.

We wonder whether this sort of writing is fitting for such a subject as Swift—even if the book (printed in the United States) is primarily intended to reach the large American public whose taste in history and biography is being shaped by Herr Ludwig and Herr Feuchtwanger.

H. J. DAVIS.

WOMAN—HER PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN, by John Langdon-Davies (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 382; \$3.00).

THIS time in which we live has been variously described as The Machine Age, The Age of Electricity, The Era of Democracy, The Age of Jazz, and by other more or less apt phrases. It might also be represented as The Age of Emancipation. Never before have such great numbers of people of various classes and groups received such large installments of freedom as in the last generation or so. It was only yesterday that the negro was freed from chattel slavery, from a bondage which had held large numbers of his race for thousands of years. It is only in our time that the manual labourer has begun to free himself from the chains of wage-slavery—countless millions of servile toilers whose lot has frequently been more irksome than that of the chattel slave. Modern youth is breaking away from discipline and tradition, and woman is gradually getting clear of all the hampering restrictions of the past, and seems to be nearing the time when she will have reached a position of complete equality with the other sex—legal, social, and economic equality.

This work by Mr. Langdon-Davies is a brilliant study of the ideological formulas, the myths,

legends, taboos, and religious theories which have tended to subjugate women, and of the development of forces which have effected her liberation. He approaches the whole subject of sex from the biological point of view. Nine people out of ten are obsessed by what they call 'the mystery of sex' and 'so long as sex remains a mystery, the history of women remains a mystery.' In order to observe woman as the biologist sees her it is necessary to discard some of the popular superstitions which have become attached to the subject:—

It will be a useful rule to assume that the reason for two sexes in man is the same as the reason for two sexes elsewhere in nature, and that any reason suggested by man which is not the same is probably false. Thus, if we find that a female's place is always to have children, whether she be a human being, a bird, a fish, or a flea, we may assume that that is a universal tenet of femaleness. If someone says that a woman should always darn a man's socks and we find in other animals that often the male darns the female's socks metaphorically speaking at least, then we cannot agree, on these facts alone, with the universality of female darning of socks. If, as so many of the early Christian fathers seemed to think, women were meant to be a danger and a temptation to all godly men, we shall ask if the female spider, rabbit, butterfly, elephant, was also intended to interfere with her spouse's salvation, and, if we do not so find, we shall not admit spiritual dangerousness as an inalienable female characteristic.

Mr. Langdon-Davies believes that the more all of us know about sex the better it will be for society, and he gives a clear outline of some of the present scientific theories of the emergence and development of sex. After throwing some light on the biological background, he treats of woman in primitive society, her place in the ancient civilizations, her position in the middle ages, and her present status. The history of woman is not the story of a steady advance from primitive degradation to wisdom, freedom and happiness. Nor is it, on the other hand, an account of a decline from a golden age of matriarchy as some feminists believe. 'The worship of fertility, the right to work, and respect as for a rational being,' these are the conditions and beliefs which make for the well-being of women. A thousand years before Christ, in the agricultural empires of Babylon and Egypt, where the mother-gods of Ishtar and Isis were worshipped, women occupied a higher position than she did later under the more intellectual civilization of ancient Greece, and she was better off in the latter days of pagan Rome than she was in the first few centuries of Christianity. 'Christianity, the fierce, passionate, revolutionary force that it was in the early days, assailed with bitterness and cruelty all that in savage belief, in paganism, ministered to joy in women and respect for them; and accentuated and exalted all that brought them suffering and contempt.'

In his epilogue Mr. Langdon-Davies attempts to give us a few glimpses of the future of women. In capitalist America and Communist Russia he sees the same tendencies, 'a family with communal washing,

communal eating, and communal clothing, a public school system, and a complete emancipation of the wife from domesticity.' We will cease to say that a woman's place is in the home because we will no longer have any idea of the meaning of such a phrase. It has been written that truth is stranger than fiction, and Mr. Langdon-Davies is one of the new school of writers on instructional subjects who can deck out their facts so gaily that they are much more entertaining to the average reader than most contemporary fiction.

J. F. WHITE.

THE FLOW OF MONEY

THE ROAD TO PLENTY, by William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings (Houghton Mifflin; pp. 231; \$2.00).

ANY book which presents a searching discussion of fundamental economic problems in a way which appeals to the general public deserves credit, and this one does it.

The Little Gray Man is a social worker who is profoundly stirred by the tragedy of unemployment and poverty, of which he sees so much, but is unable to find a solution. Journeying from Boston to Chicago he finds himself in the smoking-room in company with a Professor of Economics, a Lawyer, a Congressman, and a Business Man who proves to be the Handsome Hero of the tale. Other personages appear on the stage for a time, such as a Farmer, and a Bishop, and pass off when they have said their pieces. They get into a discussion about the causes of poverty, and more particularly of the unemployment to which so much poverty is due, and the remedies. Lawyer and Professor agree that they are inevitable. But the Little Gray Man cannot rest content with that conclusion—is he not a social worker?—though he cannot give reasons for holding any other. The Handsome Hero comes to the rescue and gives a logical basis for his faith. The central part of the book, accordingly, consists of the Handsome Hero's explanation of business depressions, and his replies to criticisms which come mostly from the Lawyer and the Professor.

Those who are familiar with the former work of these authors will find nothing new in the explanation given here. The trouble is that we don't get 'the right flow of money to consumers.' There are some hard words for the economists who have been responsible for the 'Automatic Consumption Theory':—

For more than a century, orthodox economists, dominant in the universities, prescribers of the only system of economics that most men ever studied have been absolutely and inexcusably wrong on this crucial issue. First

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they assumed, merely assumed, mind you....., these lords of the domain of economic theory merely assumed, without even an attempt at proof, that the financing of production itself provides people with the means of purchase..... Thus the orthodox economists, led by Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, blinded by their own errors, intolerant of all opposing views, as hide-bound in their own field as their forefathers were in religion, forced upon the world a system of economics which, as far as it could condemn mankind to intolerably slow progress.

Much of this is just, but it should also be pointed out that some leading economists have been among the foremost critics of this doctrine. For there is an important truth in the creed of the authors. The flow of money is the explanation of the business cycle in the same sense that the beating of the heart is the explanation of the flow of blood. For the practical purpose of controlling business conditions the best thing to seize hold of, in a complex of factors where each one is both cause and effect, is money. To pick on the flow of money to consumers as the source of the trouble, however, is arbitrary.

The novel element in this volume is the Plan by which greater prosperity will be attained—the Road to Plenty. This will certainly provoke differences of opinion. Many people will prefer to utilize the existing machinery of banking, though this is explicitly condemned by the authors, rather than set up a separate government Board. This however, is not so important. The main thing is that Foster and Catchings have written a book on an important and difficult economic problem which contains sound analysis presented in a way which deserves to catch and hold the attention of ordinary readers. This sort of writing is so rare in economic literature, and the need of it so great, that mention of minor imperfections may well be omitted.

W. RUSSELL MAXWELL.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

INTERNATIONAL LAW. By The Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead. 6th Edition. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; pp. xxvi, 460; \$6.00).

THE amazing thing about writers of text books on international law is the attention they pay to the 'laws of war'. This despite the experience of the late war, which surely taught us—if we can be taught anything—that military necessity knows no law, and that expediency will justify any action on the part of those engaged. Perhaps this attitude on the part of International Jurists is forgivable when one considers that war seems to have been the 'natural condition of man' in the past—one writer estimating that in the last 3,500 years there have only been 167 in which there was no recorded war in progress.

But Law and War, as we understand those terms, seem to be absolutely incompatible. War is a conse-

quence of the failure of law and not a part and parcel of it, and the action of jurists and diplomats in recognizing it as a 'legal' means to an end, and in trying to regulate it, have only assisted in perpetuating it, and in making it a part of our intellectual inheritance and our political philosophy, to such an extent that despite a very widespread conviction about its evils, everyone—peoples and governments alike—seems helpless and impotent in discovering or adopting a method for its prevention. However, Lord Birkenhead's latest edition is on the whole less reprehensible in this regard than most, and does give 185 pages out of a total of 460 to a discussion of the peace time relations of Nations, and those 185 pages do give a clear, concise and modern outline of the generally accepted rules of International Law that govern the relations of nations. The book is particularly to be commended because it gives a full chapter to the organization of the League of Nations, and another to The Permanent Court of International Justice and the Conciliation and Arbitration of the Council of the League. These are the most important factors in the development of contemporary International Law, and perhaps the most important of all time.

The British Empire receives some attention, and the effects of the resolutions of the last Imperial Conference (1926) are discussed in a way that shows an understanding of the difficulties involved in trying to 'define' the constitution of the Empire.

The Theory of Mandates, because of its possibilities, and because it is something of an addition to International Jurisprudence, deserves more attention than is given it. A footnote gives as the two authoritative Treatises on the League, books published in 1922 and 1924. A more recent authority, along with the works of the two eminent writers suggested, should be included. Probably the *Annuaire de la Société des Nations* by Ottlik, would be as useful as any other.

Comment on the Negotiation of Treaties is delightfully naive; 'a certain amount of fraud, again, may be permissible' . . . though, 'The boundary of permissible deceit will not on all occasions be easy to draw'.

The statement that: 'The right to make treaties is an inherent element of National independence, and is perhaps the most decisive test of the existence of sovereignty' may be correct, but there are those with 'Imperialistic' minds who might question this test if applied to the British Dominions.

The section on 'The Questionable Value of Laws of War' is particularly interesting, as it suggests that the author has his own doubts as to the value of much that has formed the main thesis of International Conferences and text writers of the past.

On the whole, the book is well edited, complete, and more within the financial reach of students than most of the other standard texts.

N. A. MACKENZIE.

SHORT NOTICES

THE REIGN OF TERROR, 1793-94, by Wilfred B. Kerr (University of Toronto Press; pp. 500; \$4.00).

The author's short foreword indicates clearly enough the underlying thesis of this book; the importance of economic and social factors in the great movements of history. For Mr. Kerr, the struggle of the years 1793-94 is largely, though by no means entirely, a class war. The Reign of Terror is an experiment in popular, democratic government; and *thermidor* is the defeat of the people's republic and the triumph of the *bourgeoisie* and a narrow class regime. Mr. Kerr writes avowedly under the inspiration and influence of M. Mathiez; and M. Mathiez, with his three-volume history of the revolution, and his immensely careful studies of Robespierre and other personalities of the period, has been largely responsible for the revised conception of Robespierre and the new evaluation of the purpose and the importance of the Reign of Terror. Where Aulard finds the cause of the Girondin-Montagnard struggle in the dispute concerning centralization and the pre-eminence of Paris, Mr. Kerr, following M. Mathiez, stresses the importance of Girondin '*Laissez-faire*' and Montagnard economic regulation, and characterizes the Girondins as the 'representatives of the nervous commercial classes,' and the Montagnards as the apostles of the poor and downtrodden. Robespierre and Marat 'represent all that was purest and best of personal character in the men of the revolution,' while Danton is regarded as a selfish intriguer who abandoned his early political rectitude once he had become 'a wealthy burgher and landowner.' In the Committee of Public Safety, it is Robespierre, Coulton, and Sainte-Just who possess 'distinctly a wider vision than their colleagues.' This view of the factors determining the crucial struggle of 1793-94, this sympathetic interpretation of the chief leaders of the period, is the outstanding characteristic of the book. Mr. Kerr seems to have accepted the entire thesis a little uncritically; but he argues fluently and has evidently done much careful investigation. The work is, on the whole, a good narrative; the business of research has not tempted Mr. Kerr to sacrifice the obviously dramatic moments, and it is to be regretted that, on the other hand, the periodic accounts of the war are somewhat laboured and dull.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE (Oxford University Press; pp. 680; \$3.75).

It did not take many minutes of reading in this latest of the Oxford University Press anthologies to convince us that the collection would contain 'Woodman, spare that tree!' We turned to the index of first lines. It does. Yet that immortal chestnut has as much right to be called poetry as most of the verse which Bliss Carman has selected as representing 'the whole field of American verse.' Outside of the *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* we know of few anthologies which can compare with this for earnest and sustained mediocrity. Above the herd of 'intolerably nameless names' stand the two or three great ones who need no more anthologising, but they fail to carry the crowd of hangers-on.

It is evident that Bliss Carman does not know his American poetry, or else he is out of sympathy with the adventurous, voracious, experimenting, braggart America which has in this century found poetic voice, and which has produced the best as well as the most typical American verse since Whitman. Only one of these two hypotheses can explain his omission of H.D., Countee Cullen,

Wallace Stevens, John Gould Fletcher, E. E. Cummings, and the fact that he quotes only one poem each of Ezra Pound and Carl Sandburg. As for the omission of T. S. Eliot—frankly, it leaves us aghast. It is altogether too late in the day to overlook Eliot. The failure of this anthology—both in what it includes and what it omits—is a double pity. It is bad for the name of the Oxford University Press, and bad for the reputation of American poetry in England, where alone the book may look for a public. Americans will know where to turn for something better.

F.R.S.

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT, by James Stephens (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 199; \$2.25).

Here the *amica silentia lunae* have become macabre and menacing. In this ghostly moonlight, dream takes on the semblance of monstrous reality, and the customary stupidities of life become thin and unsubstantial. The shadows are deep and black, the lights are cold and maddening. The kindly phantasy of *The Crock of Gold*, most beloved of books, is wholly wanting here. Yet there is a fascinating economy of effort, an uncanny skill of line, a management of light and shade, that holds one breathless to the end. With a *salva indignatio*, of which one had hardly suspected him, Mr. Stephens rends 'the slab of nonsense called life.' Each of these seven stories conveys with extraordinary sureness of touch some aspect of horror, some element of what Flecker has called 'this ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain.' Yet, as in moonlight, the terror is edged with beauty. While Mr. Stephen's mood is not a happy one in this book, still to his lovers the book will give a gloomy pleasure in recognizing his own authentic touch. To these, and they are many, it will be good news to know that his delightful little book *The Charwoman's Daughter* has been reprinted in the handy *Caravan Library*, by Macmillans.

S.H.H.

THE PRE-WAR MIND IN BRITAIN, by Catherine E. Playne (Allen and Unwin; pp. 437; 16s.).

This book which deals with Britain during the ten or fifteen years before the war is a companion volume to the already published *The Neuroses of the Nations*, which dealt with France and Germany. The thesis of both is that 'the nations suffered from a veritable group neurosis under the influence of which they approached, hovered round and finally flung themselves into the great catastrophe of the war, much as moths come to grief over a burning light.' The book is chaotic in form and full of repetitions, and it would be much more effective if boiled down to about half its present length and relieved of about two-thirds of its quotations. The authoress must have succeeded in quoting at one place or another nearly the whole of Hobson's *Imperialism* and Hobhouse's *Democracy and Reaction*. Her main reliance is on radical works of this kind and she treats them throughout as statements of objective truth instead of as examples of the radical point of view in a very complex situation. Her *bêtes noires* are the Liberal Imperialists. She makes out a strong case against the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey and this is the best part of the book. But one cannot help feeling that the authoress herself is still living in the neurotic atmosphere which she describes; she was too sensitive to the events of the pre-war decade ever to be dispassionate about them. Her book is not a scientific psychological analysis of the period but will be one of many cases to be examined by the scientific analyst who is yet to come.

F.H.U.

QUARRELLING WITH LOIS, by Kathleen Freeman (Cape—Nelson; pp. 253; \$2.00).

This is an interesting and attractive attempt to compose a novel with the usual elements omitted: no passion, no local colour, no vivid critical scenes. It is a love-affair described by the brain, not the heart, as if one made a picture of a sunset in black and white. Gregory Anwell quarrels with his fiancée over his wish to have his little daughter with them when they marry. He revisits his long-neglected birthplace to fetch her from his mother, who strives to thwart him, believing that Gregory's temperament and way of life will be bad for the child. She succeeds: Gregory leaves the child, because it becomes plain that he cares for her (and for everyone else) not enough to make a breach with Lois tolerable. Readers who desire an interesting tale will be disappointed; those who enjoy the spectacle of an acute intellect, as it dispassionately exhibits the slenderest tendrils of human nature, will be delighted. In her admirable *Martin Hanner* Miss Freeman wrote a far better novel, though there too was visible a preponderance of intelligence over emotion. Here the insistence of rationalizing the interplay of people who live by their emotions has produced a book bearing the same relation to a great novel as a brilliant anatomical lecture bears to a cross-country race.—G.N.

BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES, by Anita Loos, illustrated by Ralph Barton (McLean and Smithers; pp. 248; \$2.00).

By a most singular combination of circumstances this book has come for review into the hands of the only man on the continent who has not yet read *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. It consoles him for having missed that notorious success, but he must confess that it also leaves him sadly puzzled; for this conventionally scandalous history of Dorothy, the brunette, holds none of the 'uproarious mirth' and very little of the 'shrewd observation and devastating irony' which the critics found crammed into the pages concerned with Lorelei, the blonde. Critical gentlemen, one concludes, will go on preferring blondes, and, at the moment, one feels that they will be profoundly right.

R. de B.

THE JOLLIET-MARQUETTE EXPEDITION, 1673, by Francis Borgia Steck (Catholic University of America; pp. 334; \$3.00).

This is an elaborate and detailed study of the famous expedition of Jolliet and Marquette to the Mississippi River. The author explains his purpose as the presentation of the expedition 'in its proper historical setting'. He is at pains to show the earlier discovery of the Mississippi by the Spaniards, and he demonstrates that Jolliet was the real leader of the expedition from New France, as also that Marquette was not the author of the narrative with which he has so long been credited. The volume is excellently illustrated with a profusion of reproductions of early maps.

R.F.

ROVERS OF THE VALLEY, by Augustus H. Ball (J. M. Dent and Sons; pp. 248; \$1.75).

This book, by the deputy-minister of education for Saskatchewan, is the story of a patrol of Boy Scouts, and their adventures while encamped in the Qu'Appelle valley. Into the narrative are woven examples of applied scoutcraft, and an occasional camp-fire yarn. It is all very entertainingly done, and although at times the author is a little more eager to point a moral than is consistent with good story-telling, yet the book is one that will be enjoyed

by every boy, scout or no, who has ever been, or wanted to be, under canvas. The illustrations by Miss Chisholm, particularly the headings and tail pieces, are very fine, and show a decorative quality not usually found in boys' books.

W.S.M.

MOTHERS' ALLOWANCE LEGISLATION IN CANADA, by J. L. Cohen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 131; \$1.00).

Mr. Cohen has done valuable work in presenting in convenient form the material available on the operation of various acts in different provinces regarding mothers' allowances. He has shown convincingly the necessity for a uniform act to be adopted by the various provinces. The book is a valuable step toward the achievement of a worthy ideal.

H.A.I.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice or review in this or subsequent issues.

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST SCHOOLBOY, by N. Ognys (Payson Clarke-Irwin & Gordon, pp. 288; \$2.50).

THE WORLD'S MASTERS—GAINSBOROUGH (The Studio; introduction and 24 plates; 1s.).

THE WORLD'S MASTERS—RUBENS (The Studio; introduction and 24 plates; 1s.).

HOW ANIMALS FIND THEIR WAY ABOUT, by Etienne Rabaud (Kegan-Paul-Musson; pp. ix, 142; 15s.).

THE SON OF MAN, by Emil Ludwig (McLean & Smithers; pp. xv, 315; \$3.50).

FRENCH ART IN THE XIX CENTURY, by Gabriel Mourey (The Studio; pp. vi, 64; and 54 plates; 10s.).

GOLF CLUBS OF THE EMPIRE, edited by T. R. Clougher (Clougher Corp.; pp. 468).

THE ARTISTS OF THE 1890's, by John Rothenstein (Routledge; pp. 215; 10s. 6d.).

POLITICIANS AND THE WAR, by Lord Beaverbrook (Butterworth-Nelson; pp. 240; \$3.00).

OUR SINGLE LIFE, by Archibald Weir (Blackwell-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 360; 10s. 6d.).

THROUGH BEDS OF STONE, by M. L. Haskins (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 515; \$2.50).

THE GARDENS OF JAPAN, by Jiro Harada (The Studio; pp. 180; 7s. 6d.).

SHORT CIRCUITS, by Stephen Leacock (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 336; \$2.00).

RUMOURS AND HOAXES, by Peter Haworth (Blackwell-Irwin & Gordon; pp. xxii, 282; 3s. 6d.).

GENERAL CRACK, by George Preedy (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 497; \$2.00).

GRAIN GROWERS' CO-OPERATION IN WESTERN CANADA, by Harold S. Patton (Harvard University Press; pp. xix, 471; \$5.00).

THE AGE OF REASON, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 320; \$2.00).

HERBERT BOOTH, by Ford C. Ottman (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 477; \$2.50).

THE DOWNFALL OF TEMLAHAM, by Marius Barbeau (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 253; \$3.50).

THE COMING OF CHRIST, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 57; \$1.75).

TWO FLIGHTS UP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 248; \$2.00).

SOVIET RUSSIA IN THE SECOND DECADE, A Joint Survey by the Technical Staff of the First American Trade Union Delegation. Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn and Rexford Guy Tugwell (John Day-George J. McLeod; pp. xlii, 374; \$4.00).

LEARNING AND LEADERSHIP, by Alfred Zimmern (Oxford University Press; pp. 111; \$1.50).

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 199; \$1.50).

REMINISCENCES, by R. E. Crompton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 238; \$4.25).

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, Edited by Charles S. Dougall (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxiv, 712; \$1.75).

THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN, by Maristan Chapman (The Viking Press; pp. 308; \$2.50).

OTHER DAYS OTHER WAYS, by G. Bouchard (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 190; \$2.50).



NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

THE autumn programme offers some interesting titles to make good the record for this year of grace. Among them one of the most intriguing is the new book by Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose title fairly describes it, to wit *Elizabeth and Essex*. Mr. Strachey's historical method and covertly ironical style we know, he has had some literary practice in English queens, and his book will probably throw a vivid sidelight upon the characters of both these great people. Another work, that carries us on into the seventeenth century, is *The Letter Book of Sir George Etherege*. Sir George was not only a founder of Restoration comedy, whose play *She Would if She Could*, which was first played in 1667, delighted and puzzled the audience of that day, but also a diplomat and a traveller. The 'Letter Book' has now been printed, or is about to be printed, for the first time, under the editorship of Miss Sybil Rosenfeld. The manuscript from which the book is taken is at the British Museum, and a friend who has examined it

tells me it is 'shot with cynical amusement and useful realism'. Meanwhile, the Nonesuch Press has shown itself more previous than London publishers are apt to be, by declaring its trump cards for the coming season, in order, as it says, to prevent any overlapping. It is to give us a new full-dress Shakespeare of which the dramatic critic, Mr. Herbert Farjeon, is to be the General Editor. The quartos as well as the folios are to be used in preparing the text. The same Press has under way a *Chaucer*, a *Plato* in English, North's *Plutarch*, *Izaak Walton*, including the 'Lives', which will have coloured reproductions of the original portraits of famous fishermen, and a volume of John Donne containing the complete poems, with selections from his sermons and other prose works.

THE LAST OF THE FORSYTHE SAGA.

The book we are most eagerly expecting at the moment of writing is Mr. John Galsworthy's novel *Swan Song*, completing the long series of the Forsythe Saga. No doubt it will be in the Canadian bookshops about the time when this letter is being read. At a dinner a few evenings ago, when John Galsworthy was in the chair, my neighbour, a well-known American writer and editor, told me that Galsworthy's novels were even more read in America than in England. If that is so, their circulation on your side of the water must be a pretty big one. Of late years Mr.

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Galsworthy has given up his Devonshire home on Dartmoor, and occupies an old-fashioned house with a walled garden near the top of Hampstead Heath. He is a great dog lover, as you know by his stories, and he is often to be seen wandering the Heath with an old English sheep-dog and a terrier racing around him and wondering why there are no rabbits and other small deer such as run wild on Dartmoor.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

The Ninth 'Olympiad' is to be held at Amsterdam this year, and the Dutch Executive Committee have shown great enterprise in extending the range of the competitions into every imaginable interest connected with sport. But it is disappointing to find in the literary competitions not a single American, Canadian, or British competitor. The present writer was asked by the Council to act as one of three literary adjudicators, and somewhat to his confusion, no novel, no set of short stories, no history of sport, in the whole batch of books and MSS. sent in, proved to be in English. The curious thing was to find that five of the items were by Hungarian authors, while Dutch, French, German, and Swiss writers also figured in the list. It would not be fair at this moment to anticipate the awards of medals and prizes, but it may be permitted to say that two or three at least of the works submitted proved to be so good that in the end they will probably find their way into English versions.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

We have all read Henry James's novel *The Tragic Muse*, in which he painted the social panorama of London and Paris, and when the rumour came that it was being turned into a play, we were tempted to wonder how its well-packed five hundred pages could possibly be reduced into the three or four acts of a play. The other day 'George Paston', herself well-known among London playwrights, confessed she had hardly ever known a play made out of a novel which was a perfect, that is to say, an artistic and a thoroughly actable, piece. However, Mr. Hubert Griffith has a skilled hand, knows the stage and its limits and liberties, knows too why so many plays fail. His version of *The Tragic Muse*, wise in its economy, concentrates itself on the part of Miriam Rooth, and he has been fortunate in getting the one actress best able to realise the part, namely Miss Edith Evans. THE CANADIAN FORUM does not want me to turn dramatic critic and criticize this realistic comedy, but I cannot help recalling how lately Miss Edith Evans played at the same matinée the two extraordinarily diverse parts of the heroine in Congreve's *Way of the World* and the serpent in Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* with a stage illusion, startling and convincing. It remains to be seen whether her wonderful impersonation of

Miriam Rooth will find its way now from the private stage of the 'Arts Theatre Club' to some ordinary every-night London playhouse.

A LONDON IBSEN SOCIETY.

While the theatre is to the fore, the foundation of a new Society which is an outcome of the Ibsen Centenary deserves to be specially noted. It owes its initiation to the enterprise of Mr. J. T. (known to his intimates as Jack) Grein. Along with Bernard Shaw, the late William Archer, the late Sir Edmund Gosse and others, he was among the stalwarts who fought for the first production of Ibsen on the London stage just as of old, Gautier, Victor Hugo, and others fought for the Romantic theatre in Paris. Two or three months ago THE CANADIAN FORUM had an interesting article by Mr. Robert Ayre on Ibsen and Canada, in which he said, discussing the relation of Ibsen to his own country and *milieu*, that he was much struck by the resemblance of Canada to the Norway that irked and stimulated Ibsen. That as it may be, Ibsen has now stepped out of Norway on to the world stage, and has become the dramatic interpreter of every community that suffers from the same social dry-rot, and delights in the same humours as did his own narrower Norway. It is right and good, then, that London should have its Ibsen Society, and one is glad to note in its brave little manifesto that it intends to produce an Ibsen play at least once every year as part of its programme. Of course, there is no embargo to keep other than Londoners from joining the Society.

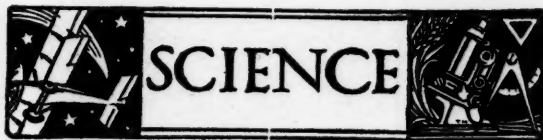
CANADA IN LONDON.

The London Press gave in its own fashion a very cordial greeting to the Dominion on the occasion, this month, of her sixty-first birthday, that being as I suppose the number of her years since her confederation was achieved. There was not any big public function, but there were several reunions, and what we may call private celebrations of the event. The Prime Ministers of Ontario and New Brunswick, and many Canadian Ministers, not to speak of professors, authors and poets, and other unofficial citizens, were to be seen in London's middle distance, any one of whom was competent to give a good account of the 'infant prodigy among the nations'. One delightful daughter of Canada, whom I met by chance in a publisher's office, of all places, told me that Canada was the most lightly taxed country, except perhaps the Isle of Man, in the whole Empire, was the world's granary, gave us gold, silver, copper and asbestos, and had multiplied her wealth twelve times in twenty years, and that all she wanted now was to produce an Ibsen or a Shakespeare of her own. Yes, Canada was immensely potential, but not yet fully articulate in prose or verse. This, pray remember, is not my opinion, but my ingenuous informant's.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

It seems early days to be talking about Christmas, but Aldine House announces a new kind of Christmas anthology compiled by Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. G. C. Heseltine, which promises to leave out all the conventional Christmas items, including faked carols, yule logs, synthetic snow, and other manifestations of the old-style Christmas-numbers. Instead of these, the compilers have gone back to the medieval chronicles, and the documents in which the true spirit of the old festival is preserved, along with ingredients drawn from St. Hilary of Poitiers to Mr. Porter, all mixed up jovially like a Christmas pudding. This sounds cheerful and the volume will contain music transcribed from old music-books and decorations devised by A. C. Harradine.

ERNEST RHYS.



CO-ORDINATED EVOLUTION

IT is difficult to walk in a garden and watch the insects among the flowers without reflecting upon evolution. Everyone is aware that insects visit flowers in order to derive food and that as a result of their visits they distribute pollen from one flower to another, thus bringing about a cross-fertilization which would be impossible to many plants by any other means. This relationship, essential to the existence of both the plant and the insect, seems at first sight so precarious and complex that it could hardly have been brought about in the long course of evolution. In general the relation is actually a simple one even though it undoubtedly is both delicate and essential and turns upon many fine points of structure and function in plant and insect. The life histories of the two organisms usually intersect only at the point of reproduction in the one and of nutrition in the other. Moreover, since each insect visits many species of flowers and each plant is visited by many species of insects, so far as any given species of either group is concerned the relation, far from being precarious, is at once stable and plastic. Doubts of an *a priori* nature concerning the possibility of a coordinated evolution of the flower-visiting insects and of plants with entomophilous flowers need not be entertained. The geological record will serve to modify the remaining doubts, for there we see that the flower of the modern flowering-plant arose contemporaneously with the type of insect which we now observe visiting it.

However, though we may be satisfied with the general rule it is always interesting and instructive to

consider refractory examples. In one of these the relationship between insect and plant is infinitely more intimate and complex than usual. The life cycles of the two organisms touch at every point. They are the wild fig, *Ficus carica*, and its domesticated descendents, on the one hand and the wasp *Blastophaga grossorum*, on the other.

The flowers of the fig are borne on the inside of a hollow axis (synconium) instead of on the outside of a solid one as in most plants. A small pore at the apex alone admits to the interior of the synconium in the darkness of which the numerous minute flowers are confined. The sexes are separate, male flowers grouped at the upper end near the pore and the female flowers at the lower end. Three generations of such inflorescences are borne each year, but in none are both male and female flowers fully developed. One or the other is either wholly reduced or rudimentary so that fertilization within the confines of a single synconium is impossible.

The first generation of inflorescences, the 'profichi', form normal male flowers, but the female flowers are modified in several respects and contain rudimentary ovules. These are the gall flowers. The female wasps enter the profichi, lay their eggs in the ovules of the gall flowers and die. Within the gall flowers the larval and pupal stages of the insect are passed through. On reaching maturity the male wasps fertilize the females and die without leaving the synconium in which they were reared. The fertilized females, however, crawl out through the pore, but in so doing they must pass through the male flowers, now shedding pollen, which is carried off in large quantities on their bodies. Once outside they go in search of flowers in which to deposit their eggs. By this time (May) the second generation of inflorescences, the 'fichi' has appeared bearing female flowers alone. Though the wasps cannot deposit their eggs in these, nevertheless, unable to distinguish synconia which contain gall flowers from those which do not, they enter and explore the fichi in a prolonged and futile search. As a consequence the pollen brought from the male flowers of the profichi is admirably distributed among the female flowers of the fichi and fertilization thereby effected. The fichi then develop into edible figs. Just in the nick of time the third generation of inflorescences, the 'mamme' appears and the wasps are able to deposit their eggs in them since they contain gall flowers alone. Here the larvae hibernate until the following February.

The fig and its wasp evidently are adjusted to each other far more intimately than the majority of entomophilous-flowered plants and their insect visitors. For complexity the relation would seem to be unique. Moreover, since one species of plant and one species of insect alone are involved, the relation appears to lend neither stability nor flexibility to the existence of

the two cooperating forms. With this picture before us, doubts concerning the probability of an evolutionary system developing such a relationship are likely to recur. Our confidence may be somewhat restored by a further consideration of the same case, however, for in the course of artificial selection under cultivation the fig has been changed in such a way that the complexity and precariousness of its relation to the wasp has actually been increased.

The cultivation of the wild fig began in very ancient times, and as with other cultivated plants, the selecting hand of man must have fallen upon those individuals which produced the biggest and best crops. The result is that the domesticated descendents of the wild fig have become differentiated into two unisexual strains, one bearing several crops a year and the other no fruit at all.

The first strain, *Ficus carica, domestica*, the fruiting fig, has many different varieties, of which the Smyrna fig is perhaps the most important. It produces three sets of inflorescences a year: the 'fiori di fico', containing sterile female flowers which are different from gall flowers but incapable of forming a seed, followed, first by the 'pedagnuoli' and then the 'cimar-uoli', both of which are provided with normal female flowers alone. The fruiting fig is therefore entirely female, with the advantage that at least two crops of fruit may be obtained each year and in some varieties in which the fiori di fico develop parthenocarpically into seedless fruit, three may be produced. On the other hand, since it possesses no male flowers, by itself it will be unproductive except for seedless fruit which is inferior for drying and valueless for reproduction. Moreover, it provides no entertainment for the wasp which alone can introduce the necessary pollen.

This extraordinary mixture of advantages and disadvantages finds its complement in the second strain, the goat fig or caprifig, *Ficus carica, caprificus*. This also bears three generations of inflorescences: the 'profichi' with male flowers and gall flowers, the 'mammoni', resembling the profichi, but with a smaller number of male flowers, and finally the 'mamme' containing gall flowers alone. Thus the only normal flowers of the caprifig are male so that the plant is valueless as a bearer of fruit or seed. However, grown together with the Smyrna fig or its female congeners, the male flowers provide the pollen necessary for their fertilization and the gall flowers furnish lodgings for the wasp. The insect, emerging from the profichi and later from the mammoni searches the young synconia of caprifig and fruiting fig alike for gall flowers and thus distributes the pollen from the former among the female flowers of the latter.

The increased precariousness of the relation thus brought about by artificial selection has not only a scientific interest, but a very practical significance as

well. The necessity for caprification of plantations of fruiting figs has been realized from ancient times and the fact that the wasp had some rôle to play in the development of fruit was well known long ago. Consequently wherever the fig is introduced the caprifig must be brought with it and the wasp as well. The attempt to carry this out in California resulted in one of the most 'amusing, pathetic and fascinating romances of outdoor life.'

Feeling assured that the climate and soil of California qualified that state to become the 'greatest fig country in the world', prospective planters forthwith introduced the best Smyrna figs. The plants did well and fully justified all expectations except in the important respect of fruit, of which there was none. When informed that the Greeks of Asia Minor depended upon some sort of insect to obtain good crops of fruit, the growers were greatly entertained as anyone would be at such a palpable absurdity. However, a few who had themselves observed the practice of caprification in Mediterranean countries imported caprifigs to plant among their figs. Unfortunately, whether by accident or through ignorance it does not matter, none of these caprifigs happened to contain insects so that their arrival did nothing to improve the fig crop. Even the newspapers finally took a hand in the distribution of caprifigs and there was no end of agitation, the immediate effect of which was to put the fig-growers of Asia Minor on their guard. Realizing the disadvantage of encouraging fig-cultivation in California, they interposed every possible difficulty in the way of obtaining cuttings and insects. In spite of this, individuals here and there succeeded in procuring insects but for one reason or another they all died out. Finally the state government intervened and deputed one of its scientific staff to bring in the wasp from Algiers. This was done, but while the government scientists were busy learning how to make *Blastophaga* comfortable in California it was suddenly discovered that the wasp had accidentally become established on a farm near Modesto some thirty years before. In this way *Blastophaga* became a good American and a new industry started off on its career.

G. H. DUFF.

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THE EDITOR, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

I thought Mr. de Brisay's notes in the June issue, on the Governor General, rather silly.

In the first place, is not the status of Canada as laid down at the last Imperial Conference rather an important factor? Is not the change in the official position a new reason why a Canadian is not merely desirable but logical?

Would Mr. de Brisay care to name the 'qualities of character and training' which these English officials always have (*of course*), but which Canadians, even of the best type, lack? He thinks Canadians incapable of 'complete detachment'. That is interesting, especially when he cites the King of England as the example of perfect detachment. Does he suggest that the King or the Prince of Wales regards in precisely the same way, and with the same feelings and likings the 'labor' class and the 'upper' class in England. That's a bit thick!

He says England sets a precedent for going outside the country for the head of the state. He implies that it has been done deliberately, out of the profound political wisdom of the English people. But I think the histories show us that it was done because the throne was short of heirs. Either there was no heir or it was undesirable that the heir should rule, because the father had been unruly. Did the English people cast about for the wisest and best of all possible persons in the king-market to take on the job? Not a bit. They merely stuck to the old idea of getting the nearest-of-kin. That he was a German or a Scotchman was an accident,—not a piece of good-judgment.

Mr. de Brisay says the English people of late years try to keep the future sovereign aloof from the life of the people. I wonder? He goes to the army and navy,—'upper' class. He plays with the same kind of people elsewhere. What is meant, I think, is that he is kept from the life of the ordinary sort of people. Yet in some curious way he is supposed thus to acquire wisdom and judgment. And what about the Governor in Canada? I know you are anglophil, old chap, but—think it all over again.

Yours, etc.,

GILBERT PATERSON.

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